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MAY 3, 1985

m. F. Buckley Jr. on
ohann Sebastian Bach
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NATIONAL REVIEW

VIETNAM, R.I.P.

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Reflections on the Demise of Liberal Internationalism

John P. Roche

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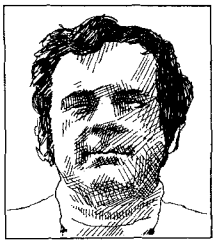
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A veteran of the Johnson Administration recalls the tangled roots of our involvement in Vietnam: the optimism and cynicism, the plotting, improvising, and procrastinating—and the loss of nerve that occurred when it became clear that our goals could only be achieved with a constant determination none of our leaders dared to ask of us. One major casualty was liberal resolve to "pay any price, bear any burden" to guarantee human freedom. *John P. Roche*

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LETTERS

Rock of Ages

I found Harold O. J. Brown's article "Ancient Gods and Cardboard Heroes" [April 19] to be a moving and clear statement about the decline of our culture. If what is needed is, as Dr. Brown says, "a consistent proclamation and living out of the Word of God," then *NR* is to be commended for giving Dr. Brown space to proclaim it. I do think, however, that the relationship between the arts and society is perhaps less direct than the article indicates. There has been little that is explicitly Christian in high culture for at least 150 years, and for much of that time people have continued routinely to practice their faith. For a contrast, try going into any of the more decadent dance clubs in Manhattan. There you can watch people whose personal lives are probably no more attractive than their blue spiky hair dance to U2—an Irish rock group—singing lyrics that proclaim glory to God.

I agree with Dr. Brown that our culture displays a desperate need to hear the Gospel. I would only add that we must not therefore withdraw from the culture. Instead we should try, like U2, to express the Gospel in forms that are accessible to the people around us.

Joanna Francis
New York, N.Y.

On the Button

Kudos and a McGovern/Eagleton button to David Brooks for his masterly lampoon in the March 22 issue ["Close Encounters of the Right Kind"]. Would that the liberal elite at Harvard would experience such an epiphany. (Where, by the way, can one obtain a copy of the Marxist history of water?)

The movie version could be titled *Raiders of the Lost Bok.*

Albert Pianpiano
Longboat Key, Fla.

On Quality and Equality

I think William Manchester ["Reflections on Egalitarianism," March 22] is mistaking a tactic for a principle or theory.

Those who are insanely "strict-constructionist" with respect to the First Amendment are the same people who are absurdly "loose-constructionist" with respect to the rest of the Constitution, especially Article I, Section 8, and the Tenth Amendment. Those who would regiment all of us to think right, even to the extent of censoring schoolbooks and the classics for "sexism," are the same people who want everyone to be free to do his or her own thing. The same people who proclaim that there is no objective truth turn right around and say that their theories are true and others' are false.

These are, however, only seeming inconsistencies. Unwilling to say that they want these things because, well, they just want them, they invent general theories to give their aims respectability. Unfortunately, conservatives tend to look at just one adversary theory at a time. So we have essays criticizing the Left's value-relativism and essays criticizing its self-righteous value-dogmatism; essays exposing the Left's egalitarianism and others attacking its elitism; screeds against the Left's conformism and others against its propagation of hedonistic individualism.

When faced with such consistent inconsistencies, we should, I think, ask ourselves whether it is not our own analytical categories that are creating them. Suppose we set aside those categories and ask: Do all those positions have something in common? And lo! the answer is yes. Every one of them expresses revulsion against our society—what might be summarized in the slogan, "Whatever is, is wrong."

Aileen S. Kraditor
Wellesley, Mass.

I applaud Mr. William Manchester's piece entitled "Reflections on Egalitarianism"; it is a noble work. I would also like to comment on the extent to which egalitarianism has pervaded the academic community. I am simply a student, but the inversion Mr. Manchester speaks of affords me this opportunity.

The "democracy" of the classroom extends not only to popular choice of subjects and professors, but to those nefarious stratifiers, grades. I am speaking of the ideology of the curve. No longer is one judged on one's knowledge of the subject matter—e.g., who lost at Waterloo—but on how well one tested with respect to the rest of the class. Today, however, even curves, the apotheosis of relativism, are becoming more egalitarian. I "just happen" to be a good student; and, in my first two years at school, I often "set the curve," i.e., had

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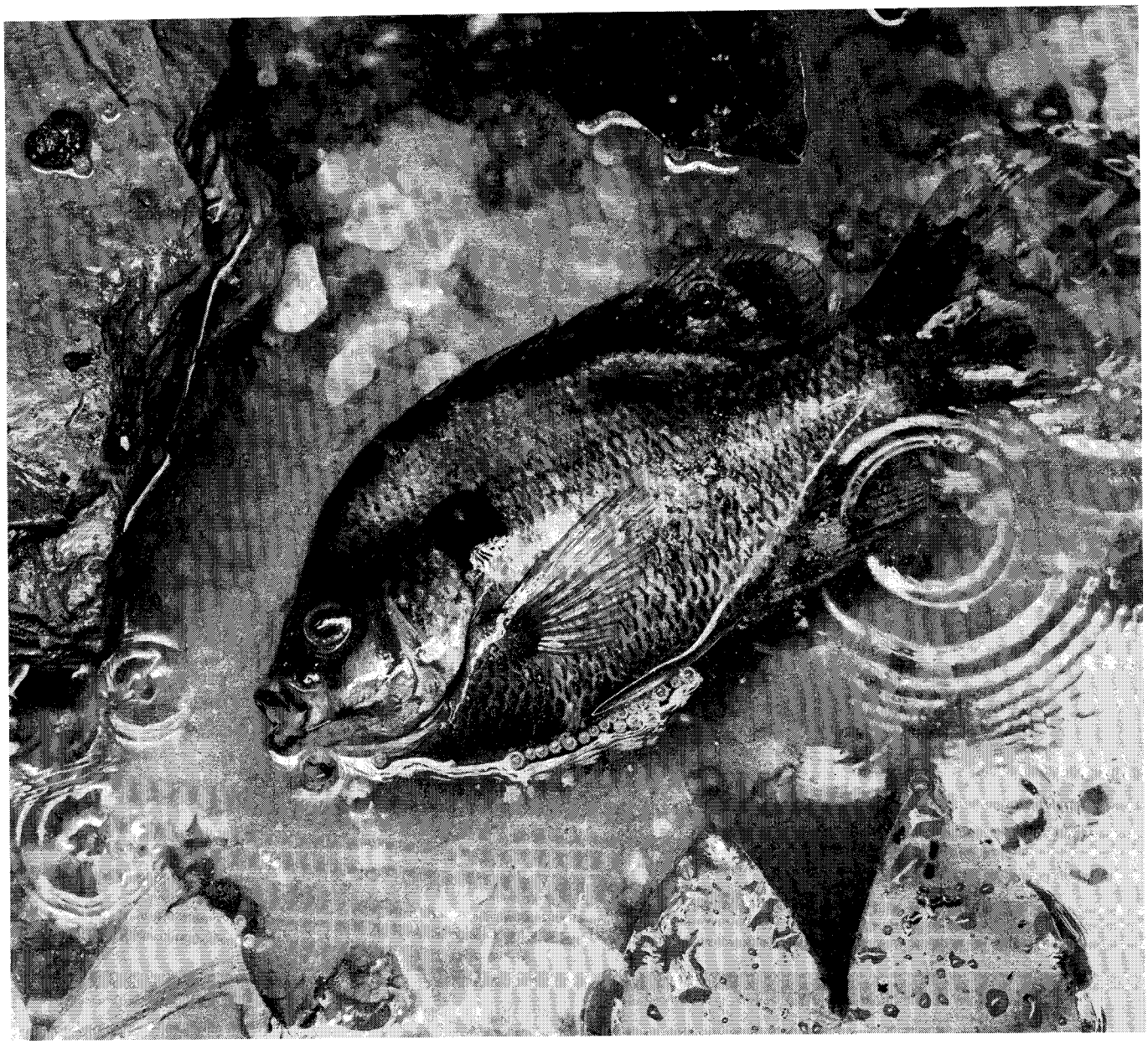

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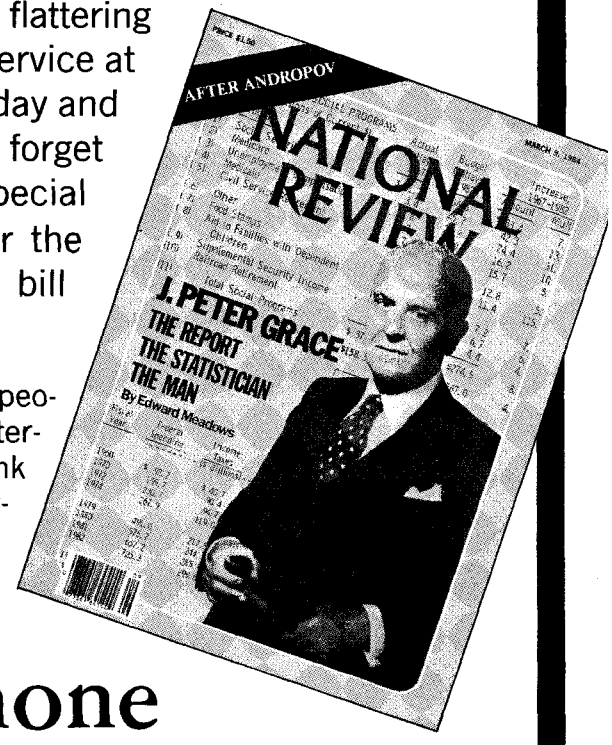

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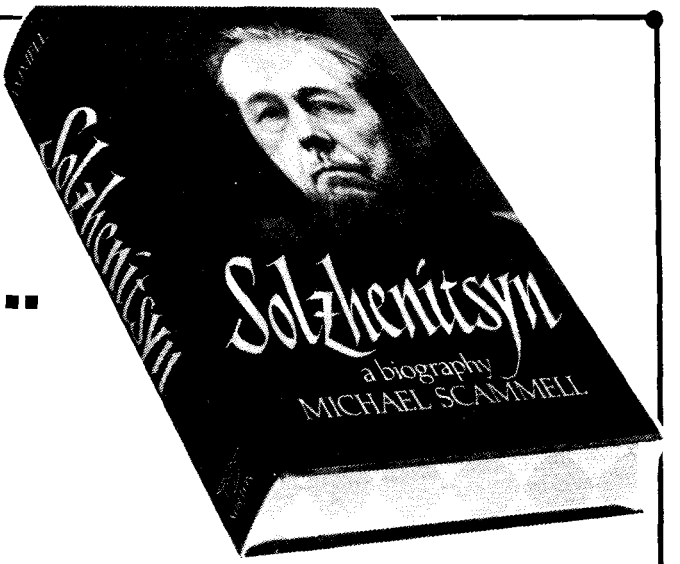

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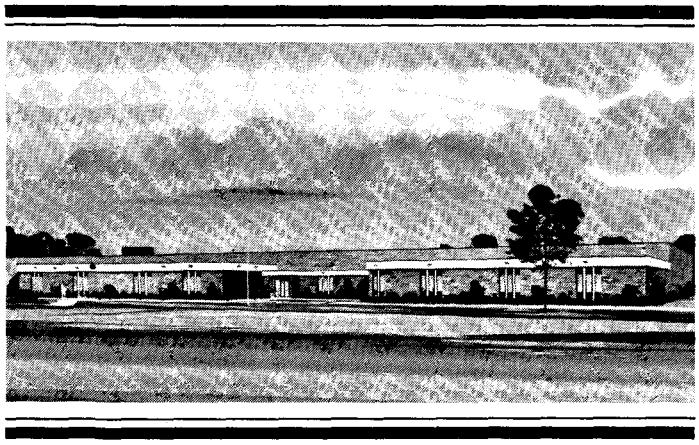

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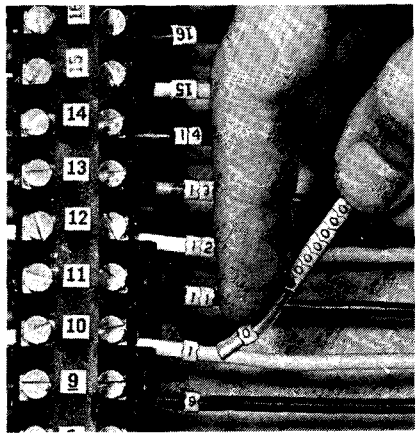

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the highest test score. The rest of the class was graded accordingly. This is not now the case. I still get more questions right than a majority of my classmates, but now their majority dictates the grade. On a midterm in one class—"American Government" taught by an avowed Marxist—most students got several questions wrong. These questions, because the majority got them wrong, were deemed unfair and stricken from the records. And in English Lit, the final essay on Miltonic prose was graded neither on grammar nor on content, but on "intent."

Jeffrey Ploughman
Blacksburg, Va.

Few people would probably disagree with William Manchester's contention that some egalitarian pretensions in this country are ridiculous. But is it really necessary to go beyond the grave and invoke the spirit of the old Federalists? Complaints about the decline of distinction have an annoying ring. I doubt if the voters who elected Ronald Reagan would be comfortable with certain passages in this article. Americans want opportunity for achievement and an equitable distribution of rewards. These two goals can conflict, yet the leaders who serve the country best are the ones who recognize both as legitimate.

Mr. Manchester might reflect on the words of a very powerful advocate of the principle of natural aristocracy, who nonetheless stated that there had been no "court of the United States" since March 4, 1801. Thomas Jefferson went on to write: "That day buried levees, birthdays, royal parades, and the arrogation of precedence in society by certain self-styled friends of order, but truly styled friends of privileged orders."

Robert J. Chiore
Grand Prairie, Tex.

Church-State States

Dr. Konrad Kircher's reaction ["Letters," March 22] to my column did not surprise me at all, because the benefits of the total separation of church and state are one of many cherished American myths. I well remember an American monsignor who with apostolic zeal preached this gospel all over liberated Europe. Yet the statistical facts do not bear out this sacred conviction. There are countries that are "separationist" and in which there are areas of high and areas of low participation, "collaborationist" countries with the same phenomenon, and even countries with state churches where you have the same situation. The work of Gabriel Le Bras concerning rural France shows that in that "separationist" country you find districts with 95 and

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others with 5 per cent participation. Even clericalism and anticlericalism have little to do with the relationship between state and church. Church discipline is usually high among Catholics living as a minority, as a rule low where they completely dominate the scene. However, it is always hopeless to generalize about Europe, where social, moral, religious, ethnic, racial, political, and economic conditions show an immense variety. Switzerland, the classic country of (cantonal) state churches, does not in the least confirm Dr. Kircher's suspicions, certainly as far as the Catholic cantons are concerned.

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Lans, Tyrol, Austria

Still Smoking Mad

Two comments are in order concerning the somewhat inaccurate report in the *Washington Post* ["Smoking Mad Dept.," "The Week," March 22] about my nationally televised debate on smoking with Professor van den Haag.

First, I poured a glass of water on his cigar to extinguish it for three reasons: 1) it was making me physically sick, and I had told him so; 2) it was making people in the audience sensitive to tobacco smoke sick, and they had told him so; and 3) his smoking was a violation of the D.C. fire regulations, which he refused to obey, and the show's producers refused to enforce. In short, his alleged (but never substantiated) legal right to smoke was met with my clearly established legal right—under the doctrines of self-defense, defense of others, and self-help—to use reasonable force to extinguish a public nuisance.

Second, there will be no rematch, at Caesars Palace or elsewhere, as *NR* suggests. Two subsequent TV programs asked him to debate me in situations in which the fire laws would be enforced. In the first he agreed to debate if his opponent were anyone other than me, and then threatened to walk out when the producers tried to have me just sit in the audience. At the second program he refused to appear. For my part, I stand ready to debate him on "smokers' rights" any time he feels up to it.

John F. Banzhaf III
Executive Director
Action on Smoking and Health (ASH)
Washington, D.C.

'In Conflict with Himself'

Thanks to *NR* for giving us John Tagg's informative article, "Understanding Mario Cuomo" [Feb. 8].

Mr. Tagg's reasoning is substantiated by no less a theological authority than Pope Leo XIII in his encyclical "The Christian Constitution of States," which was issued on November 1, 1885. It is as applicable today as it was then: "Further, it is unlawful to follow one line of conduct in private and another in public, respecting privately the authority of the Church, but publicly rejecting it, for this would amount to joining together good and evil and to putting man in conflict with himself; whereas he ought always to be consistent and never in the least point nor in any condition of life to swerve from Christian virtue."

Henry T. Sullivan
Waterbury, Conn.

Ban the Crossbow

Tom Bethell's article "The Mugger's Deal in Geneva" [March 8] was outstanding. He might have added two points.

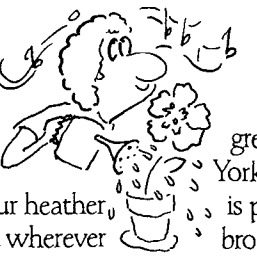
First, in the past, all attempts at arms control have failed. The naval-limitation treaties after WW I immediately come to mind. Among other things, they gave rise to the Nazi "pocket" battleship. A more interesting bit, scarcely common knowledge, was the attempt (the written records exist) centuries ago to banish the crossbow. An "inhuman" weapon.

Second, only treaties that serve all nations' interests succeed. The Treaty of Vienna gave Europe a hundred years of peace with the exception of the Franco-Prussian War. But successful treaties presuppose some common, shared values.

William A. Klein III
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Thank you for Tom Bethell's article. I agree with him and wish I could have put it so well. There are one or two things I'd like to add to his argument. George Shultz might also have addressed Gromyko's "fears," expressed at his press conference, by pointing out the years when we had a nuclear monopoly (I believe it was 1945-49) and did not take advantage of it. With Stalin, no less, in the Kremlin, our original "cold warriors" in the White House, and multiple provocations to spur us on, we refrained from nuking the Soviets. Also, in his analogy of a police department that oughtn't to be held responsible for a crime wave, I assume he is saying that it would be silly to blame the outbreak of crime on the police department merely because it possesses weapons similar to those wielded by the criminals. The conservative or preparedness argument can also be made from that analogy. To the extent that any law-enforcement agency ignores defensive measures that are known to deter criminal activities, it can indeed be held accountable. In the

Water Music



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U.S. *v.* USSR context our failure to get on with the Strategic Defense Initiative, build weapons, and support freedom-fighters does invite the breaking of peace.

James P. Paget
Spokane, Wash.

Don't Confuse Him . . .

The March 22 *NR* noted the cold reception received in Israel by the German Greens' "Mideast fact-finding delegation" ["The Week"], but *Der Spiegel* reported the best quote. Arriving in the Jewish state after warm visits to Arab countries in the region, Jürgen Reents, a member of the delegation and of the Bundestag, stated, "Impressions and information will not influence our basic views."

Reents's remark expresses the true Green approach to politics: total devotion to ideology and an automatic rejection of inconvenient facts.

Lee F. Mares
Las Vegas, Nev.

En Garde

Having been out of the country for some weeks on a visit to my native land, New Zealand, I have only now seen W. H. von Dreele's unpleasant verse "The New Zealand Disease" [March 8].

New Zealanders, according to him,

. . . ran around like geese
When bombs arrived from Tokyo.
But that was forty years ago.

It may come as news to von Dreele, but by the time the United States entered the Second World War in December 1941 New Zealand had already been at war with Nazi Germany for over two years. New Zealand's record was the same in the First World War. That country went to war with Imperial Germany in August 1914, and by the time the U.S. declared war in 1917 New Zealanders had fought at Gallipoli, in Palestine, and in France, suffering some fifty thousand casualties (out of a population of one million).

When Japan launched her offensive in the Pacific in 1941, New Zealand, unlike Australia, did not bring her troops back from the Middle East to defend her own shores but left them to fight on in North Africa and Italy until May 1945, while she raised another division to fight in the Pacific.

While I personally consider the ban imposed by the New Zealand government to be foolish, I also believe it to be a momentary aberration on the part of one of the most steadfast allies the

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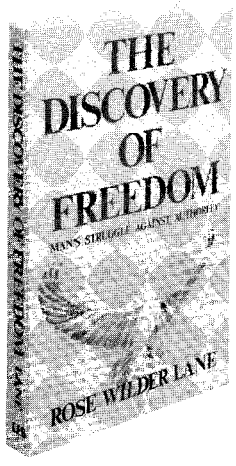

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United States has ever had. Most New Zealanders with whom I spoke on my recent visit felt the same way. We are in no doubt about the necessity of the ANZUS pact for our security, or about the crucial role played by the United States in the defense of the few remaining liberal democracies in this world.

J. B. Kelly
Washington, D.C.

Corrections

Two notes on your March 22 issue:

1. It was Eusebius of Nicomedia, not Eusebius of Caesarea (author of the *Ecclesiastical History*), who led the assault on *homoousion* during the Arian heresy ["Worlds Fragmented," by Stanley Jaki]. Eusebius of Caesarea was (as Father Jaki quite correctly points out) among the "conservatives" who, while not wholly Arian, were against St. Athanasius because he insisted upon a word that was not in Scripture. But he was not the brains of the outfit.

2. William Manchester ["Reflections on Egalitarianism"] gives James Jones's *From Here to Eternity* a bum rap by saying that it "most clearly expressed the reverse values of the new egalitaria" after World War II. To the contrary, Private Robert E. Lee Prewitt and Sergeant Milton Anthony Warden, the central figures of the novel, are highly individualistic, have strict personal codes of honor to which they cling even under great pressure, and believe in and live by the customs and traditions of their professional calling. They may not be saints, but they most certainly are not egalitarians.

William F. Gavin
McLean, Va.

Bless you. Your mention of our Chesterton Fund ["For the Record," March 22] brought numerous inquiries even before I received my copy of *NR* in the mail.

Unfortunately someone erred. The 323-article volume is not going to be published; it is a unique collection of original magazine pages, to be given as a prize to the winner in a drawing of names of those who have donated $25 or more to the fund. What we are *publishing* is a collection of all of Chesterton's articles in the *Illustrated London News* from 1905 through 1936—about three million words, 1,535 articles, in about ten volumes. For that we are trying to raise about $20,000; we have raised about $7,000, and we have a pledge of $5,000 if we raise $5,000 more.

Frank A. Petta
Carpentersville, Ill.

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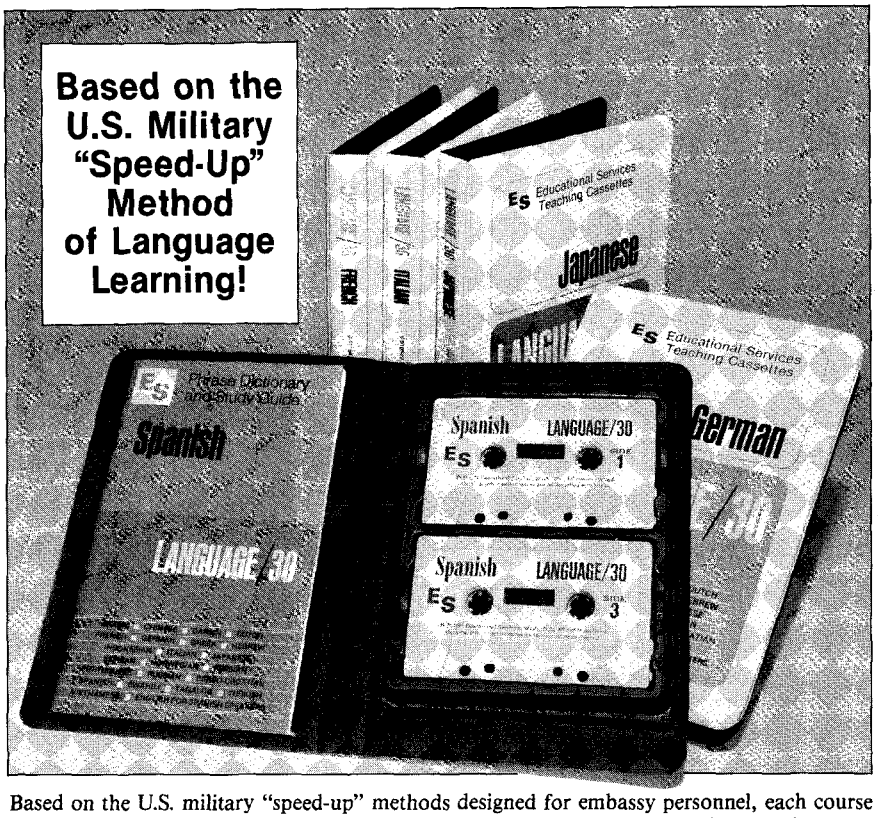

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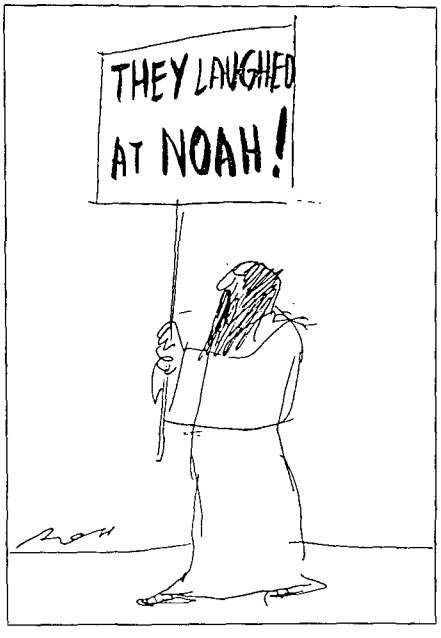
FOR THE RECORD

Ronald Reagan's dramatic offer of peace negotiations with Nicaraguan government followed weeks of intensive White House infighting, with **Mike Deaver** opposing any presidential gesture toward Nicaragua that might upset European allies before next month's European trip. In the end, forces headed by **Pat Buchanan** won the battle, according to **Evans & Novak**, and now outside chance is conceded that Administration could get $14 million it wants for *Contras*. . . . At least liberal columnist **Mary McGrory** thinks so. Opponents of the covert war, who, as she describes it, "hate to see **Uncle Sam** bullying a small country" and who are "repelled by *Contra* atrocities," fear their twenty-vote margin in the House won't hold up. Mrs. McGrory was all shook up that **Arturo Cruz**, a former junta member, has joined the *Contras*.

Conservative fears that **Faith Whittlesey**'s public-liaison post in White House would be downgraded or neutered are dissipated by appointment of outspoken Civil Rights Commission staff director **Linda Chavez** to post. Mrs. Chavez, a Democrat, is switching parties. . . . Hierarchically, she will report to Pat Buchanan, who, it is revealed (it's income-tax time), took a $325,000-a-year cut in pay to return to the White House. . . . Back to Mary McGrory, who, commenting on **Jeane Kirkpatrick**'s party switch a week earlier, says right-wingers are turned on by her because "she has shown them glimpses of the killer strain which they equate with greatness."

Political analyst **Samuel Huntington** is not all that sure it wouldn't be good if **Jesse Jackson** did bolt the Democratic Party. Says Huntington: It might do "for the Democrats what the Dixiecrat [**Strom Thurmond**] and Progressive [**Henry Wallace**] bolts did for



Ross / Rothco

Harry Truman in 1948—confirm the party's middle-of-the-road position and increase its appeal to swing voters." . . . Jackson has been making waves recently with attacks on **Walter Mondale** and charges that **Paul Kirk** and DNC were racist when they chose **Roland Burris**, a black man, for DNC vice chairman over Gary, Indiana, Mayor **Richard Hatcher**, the choice of the Congressional Black Caucus. . . . Elections Research Center director **Richard Scammon** has fascinating figures on black and white voter registration in South over past quarter-century. In 1960 there were 1.5 million blacks and 12.3 million whites registered in 11 states of old Confederacy; today figures are 5.6 million blacks, 28 million whites. Point he makes is that, although black registration is way up, the gap has widened from 10.8 million in 1960 to 22.4 million today. . . . On Republican side, **LeGree Daniels**, co-chairman of National Black Republican Council, has resigned and will focus on integrating the RNC instead of "working in an all-black setting." Mrs. Daniels sees it this way: "There are two doors, going both ways between the Republican Party and black voters, and while the Republican Party may have misconnected in opening its door all the way, it's also up to blacks to walk through their door."

Some political conjectures on senatorial futures: *Chicago Tribune* says former **Gerald Ford** chief of staff and Reagan special Mideast envoy **Donald Rumsfeld** may take on Democratic Sen. **Alan Dixon** in Illinois next year. Rumsfeld is president and CEO of G. D. Searle and Co. . . . Former **Nixon** White House aide **Bruce Herschensohn**, now an ABC-TV commentator, is testing water for possible run against Sen. **Alan Cranston** in California, and there are rumors in New York that former Rep. **John Brademas**, now president of NYU, might make a run against Sen. **Alfonse D'Amato**. . . . Rep. **John Breaux** is first Democrat to announce for Louisiana Senate seat that **Russell Long** will be giving up next year. Probable GOP candidate is Rep. **Henson Moore**. . . . On presidential scene, "**Kemp** in '88" buttons are being advertised in *Human Events*.

Anti-Catholic persecutions continue behind the Iron Curtain. In Poland, a "masked attacker" last week kidnapped Father **Tadeusz Zaleski**, burned a V on his chest with lit cigarette. . . . New crackdowns in Czechoslovakia have led Radio Vatican to call for Czech government to live up to Helsinki treaty and permit Catholic priests to "exercise their priestly ministry." . . . No word yet from Soviet Academy of Sciences. **Andrei Sakharov** has threatened to resign from that body on May 10 unless it does something to better the conditions under which he and his wife are living in internal exile in Gorky.

You've got to hand it to voters of Los Angeles, who kept their heads and voted Mayor **Thomas Bradley** a fourth term, even though one of his seven opponents was Miss **Venus DeMilo**. . . . And to the nation's Number One Communicator, who commented at Gridiron dinner, where he was chief roastee, that "to break the monotony of the Presidency, every few days I call CBS and ask for **Jesse Helms**."

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"...discrimination is discrimination, no matter what it is based on."

Smokers Get a Raw Deal

By Stanley S. Scott

The civil rights act, the voting rights act and a host of antidiscrimination laws notwithstanding, millions of Americans are still forced to sit in the back of planes, trains and buses. Many more are subject to segregation in public places. Some are even denied housing and employment: victims of an alarming — yet socially acceptable — public hostility.

This new form of discrimination is based on smoking behavior.

If you happen to enjoy a cigarette, you are the potential target of violent antismokers and overzealous public enforcers determined to force their beliefs on the rest of society.

Ever since people began smoking, smokers and nonsmokers have been able to live with one another using common courtesy and common sense. Not anymore. Today, smokers must put up with virtually unenforceable laws regulating when and where they can smoke — laws intended as much to discourage smoking itself as to protect the rights of nonsmokers. Much worse, supposedly responsible organizations devoted to the "public interest" are encouraging the harassment of those who smoke.

This year, for example, the American Cancer Society is promoting programs that encourage people to attack smokers with cannisters of gas, to blast them with horns, to squirt them with oversized water guns and burn them in effigy.

Stanley S. Scott is vice president and director of corporate affairs of Philip Morris Inc.

Zealots, stop maltreating cigarette users

Harmless fun? Not quite. Consider the incidents that are appearing on police blotters across America:

- In a New York restaurant, a young man celebrating with friends was zapped in the face by a man with an aerosol spray can. His offense: lighting a cigarette. The aggressor was the head of a militant antismoker organization whose goal is to mobilize an army of two million zealots to spray smokers in the face.
- In a suburban Seattle drug store, a man puffing on a cigarette while he waited for a prescription to be filled was ordered to stop by an elderly customer who pulled a gun on him.
- A 23-year-old lit up a cigarette on a Los Angeles bus. A passenger objected. When the smoker objected to the objection, he was fatally stabbed.
- A transit policeman, using his reserve gun, shot and fatally wounded a man on a subway train in the Bronx in a shootout over smoking a cigarette.

The basic freedoms of more than 50 million American smokers are at risk today. Tomorrow, who knows what personal behavior will become socially unacceptable, subject to restrictive laws and public ridicule? Could travel by private car make the social engineers' hit list because it is less safe than public transit? Could ice cream, cake and cookies become socially unacceptable because their consumption causes obesity? What about sky diving, mountain climbing, skiing and contact sports? How far will we allow this to spread?

The question all Americans must ask themselves is: can a nation that has struggled so valiantly to eliminate bias based on race, religion and sex afford to allow a fresh set of categories to encourage new forms of hostility between large groups of citizens?

After all, discrimination is discrimination, no matter what it is based on. □

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THE WEEK

☐ Teddy Kennedy has lost weight. The Republic is in danger.

☐ IRS data show that the income-tax burden again fell significantly for the poor and middle-class in 1983, and rose for the rich. In short, the Reagan tax cuts are not "soaking the poor," as liberal critics would have it, but, rather, are coaxing far greater income taxes from high-income groups, both proportionally and in absolute dollars. The tax burden on all incomes over $50,000 has increased, and the burden on all incomes below $50,000 has fallen. This effect is sharpest at the extremes. Incomes over $1 million account for about twice as much of total income taxes as they did two years earlier, and more than twice as much in absolute dollars. The burden on the lowest incomes, from $0 to $15,000, has fallen from 9.1 per cent to 7.4 per cent of total taxes in two years. Whoever understands these figures and engineers another across-the-board rate cut will lock up the next elections.

☐ Wall Street reacted favorably in active trading as the U.S. Catholic bishops postponed the final version of their statement on the U.S. economy until next year. The bishops acted wisely this time; their views on the minimum wage and the poverty line are not only mistaken, they are of no particular interest, except as attempts illicitly to transfer authority across its proper boundaries, like Mickey Mantle's publicly expressed views on razor blades. If the bishops were, say, to endorse a huge tax cut, we would be the first to agree with them, but we would still wonder why *bishops* should be concerning themselves with the subject.

☐ The Reagan Administration seems to be coming down with a bad case of negotiationitis. Its response to the Soviets' murder of Major Arthur Nicholson was to have George Shultz hold talks with Anatoly Dobrynin in order (as Dobrynin nicely put it) "to put this episode behind us"; the President himself said the incident made him "even more anxious" for a summit conference with Mikhail Gorbachev. It looks as if U.S. foreign policy is geared to avoid upsetting whatever talks are currently in progress or prospect; we must be careful not to react to the latest Soviet atrocity in such a way as to jeopardize "the success of the talks." Jimmy Carter, who imposed a grain embargo and an Olympic boycott to highlight Soviet aggression in Afghanistan, may look like a warmonger in retrospect. It's one thing to forget the Korean airliner, but it does seem a bit early to put Afghanistan behind us.

☐ When Jesse Jackson was playing footsie with the anti-Semitic Reverend Louis Farrakhan last year, the question was asked: Was Jackson himself an anti-Semite or did he feel there was political mileage to be got from the association? Syndicated columnist Tom Braden was willing to give Jackson the benefit of the doubt. But Braden has changed his mind. He now judges Jackson to be an anti-Semite on the basis of his answer to a single question: Wouldn't it be appropriate, Braden asked Jackson, for *him* to say a word in praise of Israel's rescue of starving Ethiopian Jews? Jackson's answer was that he could not approve of Israel's initiative because "it was a military mission even though it had humanitarian goals," presumably because the starving Ethiopians were airlifted out by military transports. Says Braden: "I don't see how any man who has made a career of talking about how we should all help the poor and the downtrodden can avoid giving praise to those who actually rescue the poor and the downtrodden. Unless he has a deep prejudice. . . . I think we have to say that in addition to being a graceful figure, a powerful speaker, and a political leader, Jesse Jackson is an anti-Semite."

☐ Until he was besieged by his own army in the Moneda Palace, Salvador Allende was busy turning Santiago into a monster rally of international terrorists. Managua, Nicaragua, is now the reunion center for alumni of Baader-Meinhof, Red Brigades, Montoneros,

A Sure Thing

If Sandinistas should prevail
And, some day, Texas Rangers pale
At MiGs across the Rio Grande,
The Democrats who lent a hand
Would lose their legislative digs
Irrevocably as the Whigs.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

WHAT'S THE Reagan Administration really thinking about the U.S.-Japan trade war? It depends on whom you talk to. The office of the U.S. Trade Representative (USTR) tends to be hard in its judgment of Japan. Commerce is softer, and the White House is positively squishy. The USTR has been dealing with this issue for so long that it has grown hard-nosed and skeptical. After all, living through half a dozen Japanese "trade-liberalization packages," and seeing none of them make the slightest difference, is bound to take its toll. Commerce keeps talking about "progress," but most observers think that its definition of progress is stretching semantics somewhat.

At the White House, the belief is that Yasuhiro Nakasone is 100 per cent sincere. He truly wants to be accommodating, the surest proof of which is his willingness to seat Japanese reps of American companies on trade advisory commissions and let them have what trade people call "transparency"—a view into the bureaucratic decision-making process, a key to getting things changed. Still, "Japan has got to stop cutting into our markets while at the same time playing by different rules for their markets," says a White House official. "Nakasone is not the problem. The bureaucrats are the problem, and anything that doesn't blunt bureaucratic discrimination against American products just won't do the job."

Some White House insiders believe protectionism is the cause of the current brouhaha, not the trade imbalance. "Even if we got everything we wanted from the Japanese, it would still amount to only $15 billion max out of a $37-billion trade deficit," says one Reaganite insider who contemns Japan-bashing. "That tells you that the Japanese are right when they say it's not their fault that a deficit exists."

What will be the upshot? That depends on what Congress does when it returns after the Easter recess. Free-traders like Finance Committee Chairman Bob Packwood are saying, "No more assurances, no more promises, no more packages. Dollar sales—that's the only yardstick we use in this context, the only criterion that will make any difference." Unfortunately, dollar sales are a laggard indicator. Nevertheless, Congress is determined and tenacious, and that may help Mr. Nakasone with his bureaucracy. "If you don't do something concrete and specific," he's expected to say to his bureaucrats, "you'll ruin us all. Congress really means business this time."

The "comparable worth" notion—that women's lib fancy by which salaries are to be determined by a panel of pointy-headed experts rather than by the market—appears doomed to be studied to death. First, supporters of the idea (which Geraldine Ferraro was quick to put forward in the House) have been altogether unsuccessful in convincing anyone that it is a civil-rights issue; namely, that secretaries make less than liquor-store clerks because most secretaries are women and most liquor-store clerks are men. Clarence Pendleton, the black chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, which held a conference on the subject last June, has called the concept, charitably, "the looniest idea since Looney Tunes." In March the commission issued a draft report stating that comparable worth is "profoundly and irretrievably flawed" because, among other things, there is no evidence that sex-based wage discrimination can be arbitrarily corrected, if it in fact occurs. To find it, and correct it by this means, would require a "radical reordering of our economic system."

Nevertheless Congresswoman Mary Rose Oakar (D., Ohio), undaunted by the mid-April rejection of the idea by the commission, is conducting hearings on a resolution to mandate a federal study of the Federal Government's wage-setting practices. She is still optimistic that Congress will develop "a pay-equity strategy" this year, and is confident that the commission's report on the subject will be ignored. Miss Oakar's resolution passed the House last year (413 to 0), but was not even considered by the Senate.

Pat Buchanan was having lunch with the new editor of the *Washington Times*, Arnaud de Borchgrave (*The Spike*, *Monimbo*), at Washington's posh Four Seasons Hotel just after de Borchgrave had announced a $1-million reward for evidence "instrumental in the apprehension, trial, and conviction" of Nazi war criminal Josef Mengele. At which point Art Buchwald ambled over and told them that, having just heard about the offer, he phoned Ben Bradlee at the *Washington Post* to say: "At last we know that Mengele must indeed be dead." —CATO

PLO terrorists, and numerous others. International solidarity, you know. "Two West Germans linked to the Baader-Meinhof Gang are now officers in the People's Sandinista Army. One is in charge of a counter-intelligence unit. The other commands an artillery battalion." That is from a major article in the March 3 *Miami Herald*. The details are often rich. An "Argentine Montonero guerrilla, widow of the Argentine rebel who led the commando team that assassinated former Nicaraguan President Anastasio Somoza in Paraguay, is dating a Nicaraguan official trained as a guerrilla by the PLO in Lebanon in the early 1970s." The " 'European leftists believe that the Ho Chi Minh Trail and the Quebrada del Yuro run through their countries too,' said one Sandinista official, referring to a key guerrilla supply line in the Vietnam War and the Bolivian gully where Ernesto 'Che' Guevara was killed in 1967." Well, the Ho Chi Minh Trail was *not* a "guerrilla supply line," but a route for conventional NVA invasion troops. Anyway, you get the picture in Managua.

☐ The Soviets actually permitted some April Fool's jokes in their papers, on such themes as obtaining auto parts (almost impossible) and stealing meat from the warehouse (endemic), and maybe they lose something in translation, but the messages not to deal in the black market or steal from the government didn't seem very funny, and this being the Soviet Union, the jokes were spoiled by being labeled April Fool's.

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☐ A more usual Soviet joke occurred south of the border when the Red Army massacred more than nine hundred Afghan civilians, in reportedly the bloodiest such "incident" in the Afghan war. Naturally, no explanation was offered, but another report smuggled out of that tortured country may shed some light. If the report is accurate, Afghan freedom-fighters got word of a very large convoy of ammunition trucks and armored vehicles, and managed to put a time bomb on one of the trucks, which was carrying aerial bombs. The convoy was parked in tight military order when the time bomb went off, igniting a holocaust that destroyed "hundreds" of vehicles with "heavy" loss of life. It's a pity the media weren't present.

☐ Amy Carter, whose concerns have been wrongly thought to be restricted to nuclear proliferation, has been arrested at the South African embassy, where she was protesting apartheid. U.S. Attorney Joseph diGenova will presumably drop all charges against her, as he has done with the 1,655 or so arrested for the same offense before her. Mr. diGenova has made only one exception: He is pressing charges against a woman named Vanna Om Strinko. But of course there is an important distinction: Mrs. Strinko, a Cambodian refugee, was picketing the Soviet, not the South African, embassy.

☐ Washington conservatives said good-bye to White House Director of Public Liaison Faith Whittlesey at a big, star-studded dinner that was billed as a roast but turned, inevitably, into a lovefest, complete with a billet-doux from the President. In May Mrs. Whittlesey will return to Switzerland as our ambassador, thereby jeopardizing, as one speaker quipped, that country's careful neutrality. It is a pity the State Department could not have chosen another post, inasmuch as her arrival in Bern will mean the retirement of John Davis Lodge, the distinguished diplomat, politician, congressman, and movie actor (going back to the Thirties). But Mr. Lodge, the State Department claims, deserves retirement at his age. Still, whether or not her move to Switzerland was the best idea, Mrs. Whittlesey has done this country a world of good. During the Administration's first term she based her public-relations efforts on the theory that it is helpful to distinguish between the American people and the various special interests who purport to speak for them. The distinction, rejected at the time by Walter Mondale, was put to the test in November. Faith has kept the faith, and she will be back: Her future, we trust, lies in Washington.

☐ "Culturally, he represents the triumph of philistinism in the American media. There is the tiresome Anglophilia, which is a common American confusion for"—odd phrasing, that—"cultivation; a recent ad shows him at his desk, a cup of tea and a copy of the London *Times* before him . . ." That is Leon Wieseltier, a rising young man at *The New Republic*, writing in the magazine's regular feature "Washington Diarist," about George Will. One week later, we read: "Almost single-handedly, and from outside the academy, George Will has injected an entire political tradition, Burkean conservatism, into American political discourse. . . . Last week's diarist had several complaints against Will. . . . He doesn't like his study, his books, his artifacts, his mementos, because these things smack to him of pretentious Anglophilia. Well, I don't think it is pretentious for, say, an American Jew like me or last week's diarist to adorn his office with Israeli books, artifacts, and memorabilia. What is wrong with surrounding oneself with tokens of one's scholarly interests and philosophical commitments?" That is Charles Krauthammer, the "Washington Diarist" for April 22. What's going on here? Both are writing about the same man—George Will, an influential and eloquent conservative, who, to be sure, sometimes forgets that Burke vastly admired the economics not only of Adam Smith but of the physiocrat Turgot. There's trouble—creative contradiction, some might call it—at *The New Republic*. The magazine has moved steadily toward political realism both at home and abroad, but the banked fires of liberalism, and perhaps unavowed feelings of resentment, flare up erratically. You get a powerful whiff every now and then, in a book review, in an exclusive claim to compassion by Wieseltier, in an occasional cultural item, and now again by Wieseltier re Will. It is painful to kick the leftist habit, and cold turkey is tough.

☐ American-Canadian relations improved immeasurably with the success of Operation Beerlift, an outpouring of charity that sent millions of bottles of American suds into the hands of Canadians thirsting during a brewery strike.

☐ **Q:** What does a Soviet dissident say just before he commits suicide? **A:** "Please! Don't shoot!"

☐ Last week, Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill dined at the Kremlin with Lev Tolkunov, chairman of one chamber of the Supreme Soviet. In a related move, Tolkunov asked the U.S. immediately to double grain shipments to the Soviet Union.

Keep Your Eye on the Ball

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV'S announcement that the Soviets will freeze the deployment of missiles in Eastern Europe until November represented a good public-relations move. True enough, it breached the confidentiality of the Geneva negotiations; and, true enough, it appeared in the largely ignored Eastern

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European press. Gorbachev wanted the message out and cleverly chose Easter Sunday to make the announcement. When all that has been said, however, it still seems excessive to hail him—as some are doing—as a PR genius, a Great Communicator, a sort of latter-day David Ogilvy.

If you were Gorbachev, would you not be happy to freeze the missile situation in Europe? The Soviets have already deployed 414 SS-20 missiles, each mobile and carrying three warheads, for a total of 1,242 warheads. Most are targeted on Western Europe, some on China and, for some reason, Japan, which has no nuclear weapons.

The U.S. has deployed 54 Pershing IIs and 48 cruise missiles in Europe and may reach a total of two hundred by November. Since each carries a single warhead, that would mean a Soviet advantage of 1,242 to two hundred in November, when the Gorbachev freeze unfreezes. He is not exactly gambling wildly for peace.

But the freeze and the Geneva negotiations and all the rest of it are not about serious reductions in nuclear weapons or about arms control, and any understanding of what is taking place must keep that fact firmly in mind. The entire process is a political one. It represents a battle for public opinion, which, in the West, can be translated into government policy. Thus Mr. Gorbachev's November deadline puts pressure on the Netherlands: That is when it begins to deploy new missiles. Of course, and as always, the battle for public opinion is taking place entirely within the West, where public opinion matters.

The Soviets came to Geneva as part of a wider and escalating campaign to block the Strategic Defense Initiative and to open a breach in the NATO alliance. They will attempt to depict Reagan as a threat to peace, indeed to the survival of the human race. They will offer "concessions." The U.S., meanwhile, has positioned itself to depict the Soviets as bearing the responsibility for the inevitable failure of the talks to effect significant missile reductions, meanwhile describing the SDI as "research" on a purely "defensive" system. The proposed summit meeting between Reagan and Gorbachev is part of the political process: Each must be perceived by the Western publics as "pursuing peace."

The Soviets have a fairly impressive record at this sort of psycho-political warfare, and this time around they can probably count on the American Catholic bishops, in addition to the usual actors and celebrities, though Yves Montand has jumped ship. They used a similar campaign to block deployment of the neutron weapon. But Mr. Reagan has his own public-opinion skills. Mr. Gorbachev is in the big leagues now.

Babies and the Bathwater

The Democrats splash in the bathtub
With teachers and labor and blacks,
While feminists see to the towels
And anchormen soap up their backs.
Though Teddy's complaining it's crowded,
The party continues to shrug
As Kirkland looks daggers at bathers
Who talk about pulling the plug.

W. H. von Dreele

The Budget: Courage Helps a Lot

We have been critical of Senators Dole and Domenici in the past, but we have to admit they've done pretty well this time. D&D led Senate Republicans to a budget compromise with the White House that gives President Reagan most of the spending cuts he wants, doesn't raise taxes or gut defense, and lops off more than half the deficit over three years. The skeptics who said it couldn't be done were wrong: It just couldn't be done without political courage.

The great virtue of the $52-billion spending reduction is that it would abolish 17 programs entirely, all of them prime candidates for the *NR* turkey list. Once excised, these nodes of spending are unlikely to grow back. That is why the *liberal* approach to spending restraint is now the "freeze," which preserves programs and constituencies in cryogenic animation against the day of an eventual thaw. In fact, it is an old spenders' game to perpetuate ambitious social programs at relatively low funding levels, rather than scale back the ambition of the programs. That way they can point out that the government is funding only some small share of an admitted need. By insisting that the Job Corps and the Rural Electrification Administration should not exist at all, the Administration prepares to burn the stumps of the spending hydras.

Some compromises were made, notably on student loans, but most of the cuts in welfare for the middle class survived, including cuts in school-lunch subsidies for children from upper-income families. Grants and loans to business are cut drastically, with the abolition of the Economic Development Administration, Small Business Administration, Ex-Im Bank direct loans, and Urban Development Action Grants. Farmers and state and local governments will have to give up benefits. Means-tested programs for the poor emerged relatively unscathed; we will have to see whether the liberals publicly acknowledge this concession.

Do not assume that Tip O'Neill and Claude Pepper will be able to defeat this budget in the House.

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Two Democratic staffers of the House Budget Committee told a Washington gathering April 8 that they expect the House to meet or beat Reagan's spending-cut figures, though perhaps rearranging the categories, and with no tax hike. President Reagan has thrown his firm support behind the Senate compromise, and this is the sort of fight he is best at.

Downing Street Muddle

THE RECENT "major" speech by British Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe about the Strategic Defense Initiative has caused deep distress among Reagan Administration policymakers. Howe said nothing that has not been said before about the SDI—and that has not been answered. Accordingly, his speech is seen as a political act on the part of the Thatcher government, an ill-advised and potentially dangerous political act committed on the eve of the Geneva negotiations. Sir Geoffrey strengthened Gorbachev's hand on his two primary goals: the current Soviet goal of blocking the SDI politically, and the permanent Soviet goal of "decoupling" the NATO alliance.

In his speech Sir Geoffrey viewed the SDI as a threat to the stability of deterrence, as if deterrence were a static challenge, and as if—given the present arithmetic and Soviet policy—deterrence in fact were stable. He spoke in Luddite terms, basking in Mutual Assured Destruction, as if high technology stood still, and as if the Soviets, under the cover of their ICBM threat, did not wage continuous aggressive warfare on a variety of levels below an all-out ICBM exchange. In its principal arguments, Sir Geoffrey's "major" speech was piffle.

But the illusions lurking behind it are chilling indeed. In her visits to Moscow and to Hungary, Mrs. Thatcher gave some indications that she wishes to function as a political bridge between Moscow and Washington, and she seemed, at least for the moment, smitten by the Gorbachevs when they visited London. She could "do business" with Gorbachev, she opined, the 414 MIRVed SS-20s pointing at her notwithstanding. After her conversations at Camp David with President Reagan and his science advisors and after her speech to the two Houses of Congress, the Administration had a right to believe that Mrs. Thatcher supported the essentials of the SDI and was prepared to help bring the alliance together behind it. With Sir Geoffrey's speech, all of that has now been thrown into question.

One of Mrs. Thatcher's Conservative predecessors as prime minister persuaded himself that he could "do business" with Hitler, and her probably unconscious echoing of that phraseology is ominous. Of course Chamberlain could "do business" with Hitler. He succeeded brilliantly in removing 25 Czech divisions from Hitler's flank, changing the balance of power in Central Europe, guaranteeing the defeat of France and the destruction of the European order east of the Elbe. Just another day of "business." Sir Geoffrey's speech comes out of the same apparently inexhaustible supply of illusion.

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* / Rothco

"The merciless cuts in funding to the arts may force Richard to resort to yet another unfinished symphony."

Jeane Kirkpatrick's Realism

JEANE KIRKPATRICK, the most cogent and forceful member of Reagan's first-term Cabinet, finally took the final step, switching her party registration from Democratic to Republican. Her political odyssey can stand as an emblem of larger shifts.

As a Democrat, Mrs. Kirkpatrick was a believer in the domestic legacy of the New and Fair Deals—and she still is. "I believe deeply," she told an interviewer at the time of her switch, "in the civil-rights revolution . . . affirmative action, Social Security, Medicare . . ." But as a Democrat she also believed in a strong America, actively defending its values in a world menaced by totalitarians and thugs.

The watershed year for the Democratic Party was 1948, when the appeasers broke off to campaign for Henry Wallace, arm in arm with the Communists. Harry Truman held the core of the party firm—for that election, and for a generation thereafter. A second watershed came in 1972, with the return of the appeasers, led by George McGovern,

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a veteran of the Wallace campaign. Mrs. Kirkpatrick resisted the new appeasement: within the party, by helping to found the Coalition for a Democratic Majority; within the Reagan Administration, by serving as its outspoken UN ambassador.

By joining the Republican Party, she affirms her commitment to realism at the level of domestic politics. "There are more people called Republicans," she says, "working toward ends that are important to me than people called Democrats." This is soberly and accurately put. Though she disdains excesses—she said of Mario Cuomo's convention torch song that "one might have thought one was in a Depression bread line"—she seems still to accept the principles of the welfare state. But she knows there will be no acceptable American state, welfare or otherwise, in the kind of world envisioned in the Kremlin, or in the fever swamps of the General Assembly. She knows, that is, what is most important; and who, at this political moment, is most committed to defending it. The party she has left is parochial, listless, brain-dead. If there are any Democrats left who share her views, they should follow in her footsteps.

Status-Quo Coup

THE FIRST indications are that the military coup that ousted Sudanese President Gaifar el-Nimeiry was pretty much a status-quo coup. The officers involved were the most senior in the army, led by the highly respected commander of the armed forces, General Siwar el-Dahab, and their discontents seem to echo the misgivings and complaints that many Western officials had voiced about Nimeiry's unpredictable rule. General Dahab has, moreover, made clear his intention to keep the Sudan on a pro-Western course and to turn power back to a civilian government within six months. The main motivation for his coup may have been to avert a similar action by more radical junior officers, like the coup that plunged Ethiopia into chaos a decade ago. If that is the case, then the coup is to be welcomed. The only truly unfortunate aspect of it was its timing: It occurred while Nimeiry was in Cairo en route home from a meeting in Washington with President Reagan. Bloodless it was, but politic and proper it was not.

Assuming that Dahab and his men prove to be as reasonable and pro-Western as they appear, the United States should move quickly to establish close ties with them. The Sudan is wedged uncomfortably between Libya and Ethiopia—hardly the most genteel of neighbors—and it is suffering from economic hardship, drought, and a festering civil war between north and south. Khartoum is neither the most inviting nor the most strategically important capital city on earth, but it has long been governed by a man who looked Westward, his faults notwithstanding. It is in our interest that his successors should continue to look in the same direction.

Wanted: A White Knight

No, not to seek the Holy Grail
Or lecture on a suit of mail,
Nor do I care what lover's knot
Tied whom to whom in Camelot;
In fact, a congressman whose stance
Suggests he likes to break a lance
Could fly my socks if he'd suppress
Those dragons at the IRS.

W. H. VON DREELE

Give Peace a Chance

THE SANDINISTA government may not realize it, but it is gradually being surrounded, if not militarily, at least diplomatically. Early in March, leaders of Nicaragua's Democratic Resistance proposed a two-month ceasefire and negotiations. Though the Sandinista junta immediately rejected the proposal, it has lately been given new life. President Reagan embraced it early in April and added a carrot of his own. He has pledged that if the Sandinistas accept the ceasefire, all of the $14 million in aid the Administration is seeking for the Nicaraguan resistance will be spent on non-lethal equipment. Not only does the Reagan proposal have the blessing of the Democratic Resistance leadership, it has gained the approval of President Belisario Betancur of Colombia, one of the four Contadora nations, which until now have steered clear of both Nicaragua's Democratic Resistance and the Reagan Administration.

Why are the Sandinistas losing their momentum? They can only blame themselves. Reports of Sandinista atrocities have begun appearing in the press. The April 5 *Washington Times* told of the discovery in Nicaragua of an open grave containing the bodies of fifty to sixty political prisoners executed by the government. Speaking in New York on April 8, nine leading members of the Democratic Resistance movement elaborated on what the Sandinistas have done to Nicaragua. A statement issued by the nine showed that the Sandinistas have succeeded in doing what was impossible even under Somoza. They have united the ruled against the rulers. "Never—not even at the height of the uprising against Somoza—has there been such a breadth of political unity among Nicaraguans." The statement was made, not by embittered Somocista diehards, but by people such as Arturo Cruz, the former Sandinista ambassador to the United States; Adolfo Calero, a businessman imprisoned for his op-

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position to the Somoza government; and Alfonso Robelo, a member of the original Sandinista junta. Right now more Nicaraguans are fighting the Sandinistas than fought Somoza. According to Cruz, only 1 per cent of the members of the FDN (Nicaraguan Democratic Front) are former Somocistas; 19 per cent are former Sandinistas, and 80 per cent are peasants driven into opposition by the Sandinista policies.

Though the world is beginning to see the light on Nicaragua, the Sandinistas continue to hold two important bastions: the Soviet bloc and the liberal Democratic establishment in Congress. President Reagan will go to work on one of them when it returns from its Easter recess.

Call Us Paranoid

In his book *Breaking with Moscow*, Arkady Shevchenko, the highest-ranking Soviet defector ever, leaves no doubt as to the Kremlin's intentions. He is particularly revealing in his reminiscences about the first round of SALT talks:

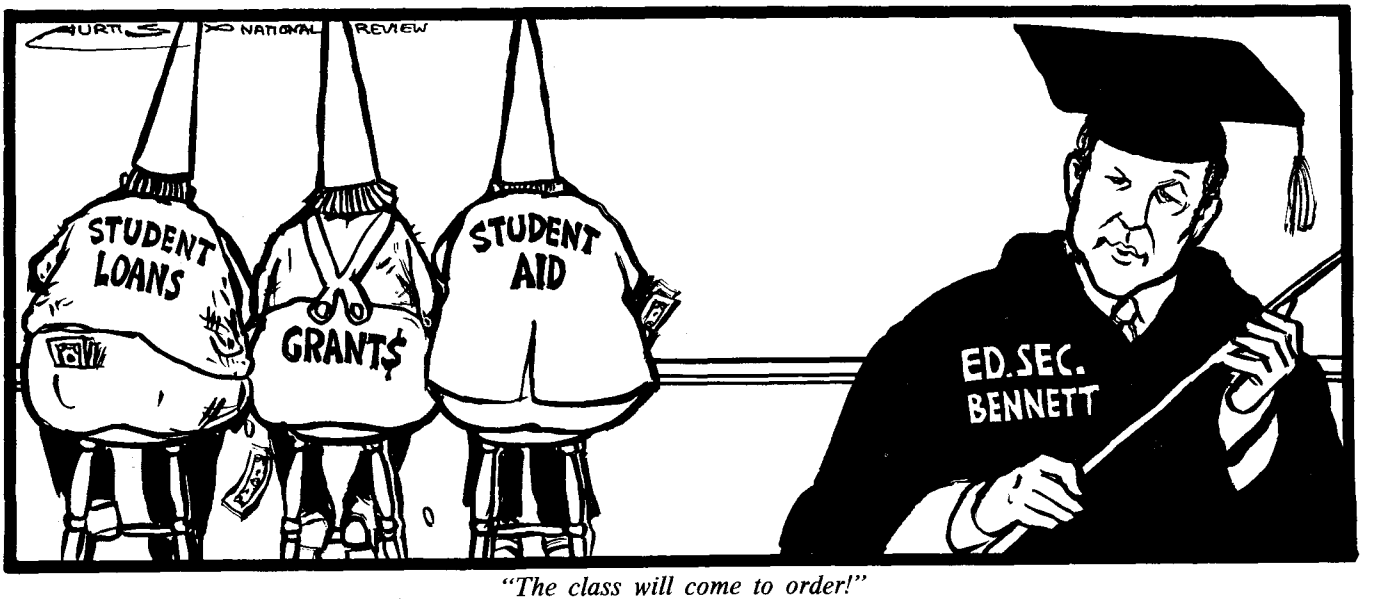
> In the Sixties, the Soviet Union had deployed the Galosh antiballistic system around Moscow to defend against offensive missiles, claiming that its purpose was to save lives. During his meeting with President Johnson at Glassboro in 1967, Kosygin had implied that the United States only wanted to talk about limiting ABMs, whereas the Soviet Union believed that offensive strategic nuclear missiles should be dealt with first. By the time I became Gromyko's advisor, Moscow had reversed its position 180 degrees, and wanted first of all to limit the ABMs. That somersault was proof of the Soviets' desire to halt implementation of the American ABM system.

And proof, if any is needed, that the Soviets' current objections to a Star Wars system spring from motives other than a desire not to "militarize space." A *Newsweek* reviewer says Shevchenko's book "support[s] the most paranoid American suspicions of the authoritarian regime he [escaped]." But paranoia is *unsupported* fear. And the Soviet regime is not merely "authoritarian." Is it paranoid to sense that language is being bent here?

Gaining Ground

What Michael Harrington's *The Other America* was for the 1960s, Charles Murray's *Losing Ground* promises to be for the rest of the 1980s and beyond. Harrington discovered poverty; billions flowed into the acronymic programs of the Great Society. Charles Murray has discovered that the programs did not work, and has buttressed his case with a formidable array of statistics. Indeed, he argues that not only did the programs fail to work, they actually made the situation worse. They have *increased* poverty, increased dependency, increased illegitimacy, and led to family disintegration, and—most of them—ought therefore to be abolished. So influential has his book become in Washington that his name has been turned into a verb, as in "the program was Murrayed."

In the Godkin Lectures at Harvard this term, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan surveyed the same social moonscape that appalled Murray. Twenty years after his unjustly maligned study of the disintegration of the black family, Mr. Moynihan returns to the subject and, moving beyond the black circumstance, finds the over-all situation ghastly. The number of black children living with a single parent has risen from 30 to 60 per cent in the past twenty years; of white children, from 7 to 15 per cent. He notes that one-third of all children born in 1980 will be dependent on welfare before they become adults. And, like Murray, he argues that government policy has aggravated the situation; he is, however, more skeptical than Murray about the efficacy of policy changes, recommending



"The class will come to order!"

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merely that government programs be evaluated with their effect on the family in mind.

Losing Ground has profoundly shaken the welfare establishment, and of course it has come under savage attack, not least by our old friend Michael Harrington, who was very much present at the creation. An increasingly esoteric debate has gone on about Murray's interpretation of his statistics, but he has effectively stood his ground for the most part; still, whatever the details of the debate, no one, least of all Senator Moynihan, is arguing that those billions of dollars succeeded. Representative Jack Kemp says that if you subsidize something you are going to get it, and that is the essence of Murray's thesis: We have subsidized poverty, and we certainly got it; we have subsidized illegitimacy, and here it is; we have created disincentives to work, and have thus created a dependent underclass. The debate is about details. The facts are so plain that anyone can see them, if he wants to.

Cheers

THE MEDAL OF FREEDOM awards have, under Mr. Reagan, acquired cosmopolitan class: They are thoughtful, diverse, original, and even arresting. Last year's list included James Burnham, the political philosopher, and Whittaker Chambers, the bard of anti-Communist apostasy. This year's choices included several striking freedom-fighters, most conspicuously Jeane Kirkpatrick and, from another age, A. C. Wedemeyer, the valiant general whose name is identified with a resolute and resourceful resistance to tyranny.

But undoubtedly the most gratifying selection was that of Sidney Hook. He was, at New York University, for many years a colleague of James Burnham. They taught, side by side, philosophy: and, really, they traveled the same route. To be sure, Sidney Hook still calls himself a socialist, but that doesn't much matter. His heart—at age 82—is in the anti-Communist enterprise. Hook began what one might call his public life in this enterprise as aide to his mentor, John Dewey, in the commission that investigated the Moscow trials during the late Thirties. The question before the fellow-traveling American intelligentsia was: Are they really guilty as charged, or is it murder? The finding was an epochal event that changed the course of intellectual and political history.

Ever since then, Sidney Hook has labored in the cause of human freedom, giving over his vast talents as a trained philosopher to the service of anti-totalitarianism. He continued through the period to write important works of formal philosophy. But also such books as *Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No!* and *The Paradoxes of Freedom*. He spotted, early on, the fraudulent Alger Hiss, and helped to demolish the myth of Hiss, Innocent. He tried to explain to Albert Einstein the wickedness of association with the Wallace for President movement in 1948, and a few years ago utterly demolished another myth: of Lillian Hellman, victim of McCarthyism.

For several years, Sidney Hook has been a research fellow at the Hoover Institution. His friends, students, and admirers will beam with pride and pleasure when, on May 23 at the White House, the most prominent American conservative of the century extends to one of the most prominent socialist philosophers of the century the Medal of Freedom.

Victor Herman, RIP

VICTOR HERMAN was born in America and, on March 25, he died in America. For most of his countrymen this would be an accomplishment hardly worth mentioning; for Victor Herman it was a towering achievement.

Herman was the younger son of a Michigan socialist who, in 1931, took his family to live in the brave new world of the Soviet Union. By 1938, Herman's mother was dead and his father was bitterly disillusioned. The father had but one wish left: that his three children would be able to return to the United States. Only Victor made it back—but not before enduring years of unimaginable horrors. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn spent eight years in the Gulag; Herman spent ten, followed by eight years of internal exile in Siberia, which he wrote about in *NR* ("Going Nowhere," April 16, 1982). But wherever he was, Herman never gave up his one dream. Victor Herman, an American citizen, was going back to America.

Rehabilitated during the Khrushchev thaw of the Fifties, Herman immediately began seeking ways to return to the U.S.A. It wasn't until 1976, with his Bicentennial passport clutched in his hand, that he finally succeeded, after having given 45 years of his life, from the age of 16 to 61, to the Soviet Union. A couple of years after his return, Herman managed to obtain the freedom of his Russian wife and two daughters. The Soviet Union may have gotten the prime of his life, but Victor Herman was finally free.

First came *Coming Out of the Ice*, published in 1979 by Harcourt Brace, Herman's breathtaking account of his years in the Soviet Union. Later made into a television movie, *Coming Out of the Ice* offers an unforgettable view of the Gulag through the eyes and heart of an American. Then came two other books about the Soviet Union, both of which Herman published himself: *The Gray People* and *Realities: Might and Paradox in the Soviet Union* (written with Fred E. Dohrs). Neither one reached a large audience—in contrast to Russia, there is no market in America for *samizdat*. Herman accepted this disappointment as stoically as he accepted his years in the Soviet Union. But he never ceased trying to tell his fellow Americans about a world and a government so utterly un-

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like anything they have ever experienced. Anyone who has read his books or, even better, has heard him speak will never forget this heroic man who fought so valiantly to die in the land of his birth.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Wm—

Months ago—a year ago?—I wrote to you to say that Francis Russell was full of johnnycake when he complained that you had used "seagull" in one of your books, when, said Francis, every old salt knows there are only gulls, or herring gulls, or brown gulls, and so on. I wrote to you, quoting Masefield from memory, where he indeed uses "seagulls," but regretting that I couldn't find the reference. I now have found it, in an indescribably roundabout way. Here is "Sea Fever" (one of my, and everybody's, all-time favorites):

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied.
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Part of the power of the poem comes from its clear (though very subtle) connections to the older verse techniques of the Anglo-Saxon poets (the several kennings; the alliteration).

Anyway, you may *now* launch the whalers toward Moby Russell as he spouts in Sandwich water, and harpoon him to your heart's content.

wm (who else?)
[Wm. F. Rickenbacker]
Francestown, N.H.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In response to your column headlined here this evening "Telling Some Jokes about Homosexuals Can Cause Ill Humor":

I am a homosexual.

I am a college professor.

I hold my MA from NYU and PhD from Columbia.

My lover is Jewish, born and reared in NYC.

He is a Democrat, though not always loyal.

I am a Republican, though not always loyal.

He makes (with only a BA) an unknown salary to me, but I do know that he pays in taxes what I earn.

I am a devout Lutheran.

I do not advertise my homosexuality.

My lover thinks that Reagan is preparing the U.S.A. for the second holocaust.

My lover thinks that the present NIH study of AIDS is a way of getting names and addresses. Apparently the ovens are being designed secretly, if this dread disease does not get us all first.

Recent joke told in my presence:
What is Rolaids?
A gay on roller skates.
The joke was told at a church committee meeting.

A friend who was reared in NYC, but lives in this Fort Knox area after an honorable discharge (a real jingoist), is an atheist, a conservative, a devout Republican, who defends each and every Reagan proclamation.

I am at a loss.

I don't want to support anti-gays, who are the narrow-minded people in real life who populate the novels of Faulkner, Flannery O'Connor, Eudora Welty, and others; I know these people more intimately than you might wish to know about. (There are redneck gays too you know.)

Shall I stick with Reagan? Am I voting myself to be put in an oven like a pizza? Like a Jew?

Anon.
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Mr. Anon.: Mr. Reagan isn't a threat to anyone except misanthropes, which excludes gays. Yours cordially, —WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

During my most recent visit to the P.O., I made a simple request: "Fifty colorful stamps." I was handed fifty FDR memorials—composed of blue, bluish, and bluish-white. When my applicator accidentally brushed FDR's face, the blue became bluish, the bluish became bluish-white, and the bluish-white turned whitish. What, my favorite seer, does this portend?

Sincerely,
Joseph S. Fulda
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Fulda: It represents the continuing laundering of FDR's reputation. Cordially, **—WFB**

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INDOCHINA AGAIN

TEN YEARS after the United States tore itself loose from Indochina, the House Asian and Pacific Affairs Subcommittee voted in late March —would you believe it?—6 to 3 in favor of putting us back in. At issue was $5 million in aid to the Cambodian patriots who are bravely resisting the military forces of Vietnam that have been occupying their country since 1979. Ironically, the proposal was sponsored by Chairman Stephen Solarz, the liberal Democrat from Brooklyn who began his political career by campaigning against U.S. involvement in Vietnam. What does this tell you about changing American opinion? Are we finally losing our Vietophobia? Or does the popular response to *The Killing Fields* and other recent films of that genre, as well as the preoccupation with the tenth anniversary of our enforced retreat from that theater [see John P. Roche's "Indochina Revisited," p. 26] reveal an incurable fixation on this American tragedy?

Solarz's measure to aid the Cambodian resistance groups was supported by other liberal Democrats like Robert Torricelli (N.J.)—who accompanied Solarz on a recent trip to the Thai-Cambodian border—and Mervyn Dymally (Calif.), as well as by reliable Republicans like Gerry Solomon (N.Y.) and Toby Roth (Wisc.), all of whom share Solarz's opinion: "We need to learn the lessons of Vietnam, but it would be a tragic mistake if we were to be paralyzed by them." Opposition to the measure also cuts across party lines, including, for example, Jim Leach (R., Iowa) and Mike Barnes (D., Md.). "This measure amounts to congressional intervention without executive sanction," says ranking Republican Leach.

Six years ago, the Vietnamese wrested Cambodia from the ruthless and diseased Communist government of Pol Pot. Since then, three resistance groups have waged guerrilla war against the occupying Vietnamese, and have united in an uneasy coalition recognized by the UN as Cambodia's legal government. The coalition is made up of the Communist Khmer Rouge, thirty thousand strong, led by Pol Pot; the democratic and nationalistic Khmer People's National Liberation Front (KPNLF), twenty thousand strong, led by former Prime Minister Son Sann; and the on-again, off-again Nationalist Army (ANS), five thousand strong, led by Prince Norodom Sihanouk. The Vietnamese are supported by the USSR, the Khmer Rouge by Communist China, the KPNLF and the ANS by the ASEAN nations and the U.S. (through the UN).

In recent months, the Vietnamese have cut deeply into rebel bases and driven 250,000 refugees to the Thai-Cambodian border. The onslaught has been aimed at the non-Communist, democratic KPNLF and ANS forces, even though the Khmer Rouge poses a larger military threat because of its Chinese backing. The Soviets have beefed up their military air power at the former U.S. military facility at Cam Ranh Bay, with 14 MiG-23 fighters, 18 Tu-16 medium-range bombers, and several Tu-95 surveillance and Tu-142 antisubmarine patrol planes. It behooves the ASEAN nations and the U.S., in turn, to bolster the KPNLF and the ANS, particularly the former, since Son Sann's commitment to democracy is strong and proven.

Until now, American support of the democratic elements in Cambodia has been held largely to cheering from the sidelines, with the exception of humanitarian aid for refugees through the UN ($15 million in fiscal 1984). Solarz's measure would route $5 million to the Thai government, charging it with disbursing the funds to non-Communist Cambodians. Supporters of the measure acknowledge that $5 million will hardly force a Communist capitulation, but they see this action as an overdue signal of American concern with what has been going on in Cambodia.

The State Department is leery of the Solarz initiative. Weapons provided by countries in the region are "adequate" for the resistance, certain State Department officials say; they also fear that U.S. weaponry for the democratic forces "could create difficulties" in getting the parties to sit down at the negotiating table. Further, American military aid would derail international support for the non-Communist cause, says Foggy Bottom, "by highlighting Cambodia as a U.S.-Vietnam conflict."

Fortunately, not all Reagan government officials are such nervous Nellies. National Security Advisor Bud McFarlane is said to favor the Solarz proposal. "The Administration will welcome this bill with open arms," declares Congressman Roth. Even Jim Leach admitted to me that "everybody's scared to death Solarz will get to Reagan."

BUT THE White House is playing it cool, avoiding any appearance of interventionism, especially while Geneva and a putative 1985 summit are on the agenda. "Let the liberals like Solarz carry the water," says a senior White House aide. Solarz's own need is to toughen up his image. Having won re-election with 81 per cent of the vote in 1982, he dropped to 66 per cent in 1984, after a conservative rabbi pointed up his liberal foreign-policy voting record. Solarz is so bent on acquiring some hawkish *machismo* that his subcommittee "is now trying to out-anti-Communist the Reagan Administration," Leach notes, "and that's a tough act to follow."

Doubtless this proposal will not pass now, but its import is clear, and it tells us less about Steve Solarz's turn from dovishness than about a shifting Zeitgeist: The Vietnam pessimism and paralysis may mercifully be over. □

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GORBACHEV'S MANY VOICES

WELL, IT COULD have been worse. Not every Western mediaperson and politician has told us that the advent of the young and dynamic Mikhail Gorbachev brings new hope for the West.

True, the *New York Times* felt it had to wish him well, on the argument that perhaps a younger man, hemmed in by caution, could bring the Soviet Union a securer leadership and thus narrow the risks of conflict. But even the *Washington Post* cautioned its readers not to expect the new man in the Kremlin to deliver them from old East-West cares. (It also called on the U.S. to be fair and firm; as I said, it could have been worse.)

On the whole, American comments have been more realistic than British or European ones. Still, at least nobody in my field of vision has called Gorbachev a "closet liberal"—an enviable label previously applied to the late KGB boss and supreme Soviet leader.

Before turning to some interesting current Soviet propaganda themes, let me put a few disillusioning thoughts on record:

—The Soviet aim of world domination, explicit in the Leninist basis of the state and in the present (1977) constitution, is not going to vanish, since the first rule of the Politburo collective is to keep the system alive and themselves in power.

—We were relatively safe in the era of the septuagenarians, now ended. A quinquagenarian (given the Politburo's life expectancy of 73 years—well above the national average of only 62 and declining) may be expected to pursue the standing objective with more energy and (in Gorbachev's case) imagination than his sclerotic predecessors.

—As a full member of the Politburo since late 1980, Gorbachev has been associated with every recent decision except the decision to invade Afghanistan (at that time, he was a mere "candidate" member and thus non-voting). Not too much may be expected on that score, although I suppose it might be marginally easier for him than it was for his elders to decide to cut Soviet losses and get out.

Current Soviet strategic priorities are not difficult to discern, since the themes are stated and reiterated daily in the Soviet media, by Soviet spokesmen, and by many Western commentators.

Top of the list, undoubtedly, is to prevent President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI, a/k/a "Star Wars") from ever materializing. It was certainly in the hope of blocking this ambitious program (and of bolstering congressional opposition to the MX missile) that the Soviet negotiators went back to their posts in Geneva.

The anti-SDI campaign comes in many guises. An interesting example was a massive interview in that notorious vehicle for anti-Western propaganda, *Der Spiegel*, on March 11. Two Soviet "experts" from the Institute for the Study of the United States and Canada (that well-known KGB front), named Kokoshin and Vassiliev, together with Aleksei Arbatov (son of Georgi, not exactly unknown in the U.S.), concluded that the SDI was militarily, technically, and economically nonsensical (the German word used was *unsinnig*).

Other objectives, right now, include these: to stop any U.S. aid to the Nicaraguan *Contras*; to inspire and support a "disinvestment" program affecting South Africa; to undermine Pakistan while trying to keep India, though technically nonaligned, in its special relationship with Moscow under its new leader, Rajiv Gandhi; and to aid and fuel the new outbreak of anti-NATO terrorism in Western Europe.

These objectives keep recurring in the increasingly strident articles in the Soviet press and in the output of Radio Moscow and TASS. They are picked up and elaborated by the huge Soviet propaganda and disinformation machinery. Front organizations, including many that are not fully controlled by Moscow, are brought into play. To give an example, the campaign to disinvest in South Africa is boosted by the Riverside Church in New York City, through the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, and by the Transafrica lobby and Randall Robinson.

It is astonishing to learn that under pressure from the City of New York, a major bank has canceled all credits to South Africa, while at the same time a half-billion-dollar credit package for East Germany has been put together by a consortium of American and European banks.

IN ADDITION to the major themes listed above, there are special ones that deserve attention. One is the campaign against the U.S.-financed radio stations, Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty. The other is to disinform the international public on the role of the KGB in the plot to kill the Pope and blame the CIA.

Last year a number of concerted attacks on Radio Free Europe and especially on Radio Liberty (which broadcasts directly to the USSR) appeared in the Soviet press. One of the main charges was "Zionist propaganda." In January and February of this year, apparently unconnected attacks on Radio Liberty appeared in the *New York Daily News*, the *Washington Post*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and other papers. This time the charge was anti-Semitism, which might be regarded as the converse of pro-Zionism. A coincidence?

All this, and much much more, is part of Mr. Gorbachev's inheritance, along with a chronically defective agriculture, a bogged-down economy, and a massive arms burden. Perhaps, on second thoughts, I join the *Times* in wishing him well; though for his sake rather than ours. □

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THE DEMISE OF LIBERAL INTERNATIONALISM

AP/Wide World

JOHN P. ROCHE

"Prince Sihanouk, you are very young. You must choose between the free world and the Communist world," said Secretary of State Dulles in 1958. "Today [September 4, 1981] I pay homage to his grave [said Prince Sihanouk]. John Foster Dulles was right. There is no nonalignment."

—The New York Times, *September 5, 1981*

IT HAS BEEN ten years, but the image was etched forever in memory: Graham Martin, a dedicated, proud public servant, a friend who had lost a son in Vietnam, coming out of Saigon in the chopper, the American flag cradled in his lap. Few could appreciate the savage historical irony this photograph symbolized. How many knew that for well over a decade Martin, in the private councils of the American Government, had scathingly criticized our conduct of the defense of Indochina? Martin, a quintessential conservative who did not believe the world was made of Play-Doh, looked with scorn on the liberal crusaders. Discussing our posture toward Saigon with me in the spring of 1966, he put his case in a nutshell: "Stop trying to set up New England town meetings in Vietnam and train the South Vietnamese army."

He was then our ambassador to Thailand and lived by his own rules. One evening he was going over the Thai military's shopping list, which included everything short of tactical nukes. One item in particular attracted his red pencil: "They want fifty choppers! Stilwell [his military aide] can tell them to teach their army how to walk. You want to drive the enemy out, not fly over him." As I had been vigorously advocating what later became known as "Vietnamization" of the war, he treated me as a kindred spirit, eviscerating with cold ferocity the folly of McNamara's strategy of Americanizing the war. Surely it was the machinations of the Greek gods that in 1975 featured Graham Martin, obviously broken-hearted, bringing out the defeated flag.

Depending on how antiquarian one's taste is, the story of our defeat in Indochina can begin virtually anywhere in the last five centuries, but I shall arbitrarily begin this reprise with the formation of the Indochinese Communist Party by Ho Chi Minh in 1930. The ICP was promptly admitted to the Comintern and in 1932 set forth the principle that has since energized it: the establishment of a Stalinist successor state for all of French Indochina. Indeed, as I write, the last bloody gasps of opposition can be heard from Cambodian refugees in Thailand.

Immense quantities of nonsense have been written about how different American policies in 1945—when Ho conned the socks off a couple of OSS *naïfs*—or at Geneva in 1954, or, or, or . . . would have diverted this dedicated *apparatchik* from his appointment with History. They are all based on the assumption that a veteran Comintern *capo* was for sale. Among the leading sinners in this regard was President Lyndon B. Johnson, who kept asking me, "What does he want?" as if Ho were a mayor of Chicago holding out for five new post offices. I stand pat on the proposition that Ho was not for sale and knew exactly what he wanted: Communist power in Indochina.

Obviously the initial obstacle was French power, but France under the Fourth Republic was suffering from internal divisions and had never psychologically recovered from its abject defeat in 1940. It was hard enough to get a firm French commitment to the defense of Europe with concomitant German rearmament, and the public expressed little concern for any "*mission civilisatrice*" in Indochina, or even, as later events showed, across the Mediterranean in Algeria. In our State Department, Indochinese matters were not transferred from the French to the Southeast Asian bailiwick until the 1950s. Indeed, I would argue that the main basis of our pro-French involvement was to try to keep the Quai d'Orsay focused on European defense.

In the Sixties and Seventies our Vietnamese commitment was constantly criticized by Eurocentrists such as George Ball. Allegedly we were, to borrow from Omar Bradley's critique of MacArthur, fighting the wrong war with the wrong enemy in the wrong place at the wrong time. Ironically, it was our Eurocentrism in the early Fifties that got us into that quagmire. I once summoned up the courage to ask Dean Acheson why we had responded so rapidly in Korea when the Joint Chiefs (who drew the famous map of American interests in Asia that Acheson was

Mr. Roche, Professor of Civilization & Foreign Affairs and Academic Dean at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Tufts University, was deeply involved in the development of our Southeast Asian policy in the 1960s, first as an advisor to Vice President Hubert Humphrey and then, from 1966 to 1969, as Special Consultant to President Lyndon B. Johnson.

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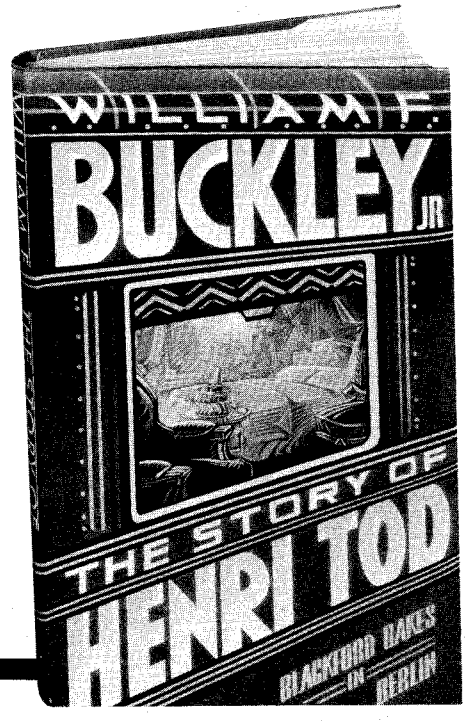

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blamed for) had held it was not a major strategic interest. Acheson glowered down his nose at me and said, with astonished contempt, "NATO!" (Mentally I'm sure he added, "You fool.")

Actually, we got drawn into the affairs of Indochina by two secondary routes. First, French pressure that often had the character of outright blackmail; and, second, the effort to contain Chinese Communism (the *New York Times* on May 8, 1950, reported an alleged secret military alliance between Ho and Mao), which in the spring of 1950 led us to provide essentially token military aid to the Bao Dai regime in Vietnam, a French-sponsored charade. The rapid disintegration of the Chinese Nationalist government caught everybody by surprise (according to Milovan Djilas's memoir *Rise and Fall*, Stalin was as startled as Truman), and the policies that emerged from Washington defy rational explication. (We did forget to thank Chiang Kai-shek for releasing Ho Chi Minh from jail in 1943 and sending him to Tonkin to "destabilize" the Japanese. Later, when Ho proclaimed Vietnamese independence, the Chinese Nationalists were the first to recognize him.)

But here, as in so many other areas, the invasion of South Korea in June 1950 was the catalyst for a dramatic American concentration on Asian affairs, particularly after the massive Chinese Communist military intervention to rescue the North Koreans. This seemed to confirm the theory of monolithic world Communism, which had been challenged by various suggestions of fissures in the Communist ranks. Indeed, Dean Acheson, in the famous National Press Club speech in January 1950 where he broke out the JCS map of our Pacific defense perimeter, alluded to the possibility of Mao's breaking with Stalin, and John Moors Cabot, our last consul general in Shanghai (who, from Belgrade in 1947, had predicted the Tito split), sent several persuasive cables on the possible emergence of "Mao Tse-Tito" (to borrow the British formulation).

I have emphasized Korea, and done a bit of historical meandering, deliberately: At a rough guess half the population of the United States has been born since June 1950. When in high school or college they learn a bit about post-World War II history, but of necessity they learn it backward; they read the last chapter of the mystery story first. Those of us who emerged from the war and walked into history head-on find it almost impossible to convey to those who have learned it through the prism of retrospective symmetry what a mess it was. Lord, in the late 1940s I recall meetings of Americans for Democratic Action that almost degenerated into brawls over the issue of German rearmament. I doubt if current graduate students in American history are aware that German rearmament was ever a major source of contention: After all, it worked out fine—no resurgent Nazism, no "fire in the ashes."

For those of us with pre-World War II political experience, the ominous auguries began to accumulate in 1946-47, as Stalin's forces moved to establish the totalitarian order in Eastern Europe. I remember lying awake all night on learning of the Czech coup in February 1948. This was not just more of the same: Czechoslovakia was a "Western democracy." Thus, even if one accepted the "traditional sphere of influence" doctrine of Soviet motivation (which I did not), Czechoslovakia was off limits. It was a cold night and I recall feeling even colder as I sensed the problems of the future—"Oh, God, not again."

However, most Americans in the postwar years left the world to fend for itself while they made up for lost time. Polls indicated a vast indifference to international relations, matched by an equivalent concern for personal ties: Four of my friends got married the same day as I, June 21, 1947. The armed forces had been virtually eliminated; the military budget dropped from $42.7 billion in 1946 to $10.6 billion in 1948, and military personnel withered from 12 million in 1945 to 1.4 million in 1950.

Revisionist historians complain that we relied on nuclear weapons and thus terrified the timid Soviets. In fact, we had—as JCS chairman Omar Bradley told a Senate Appropriations subcommittee on June 9, 1950—nothing else. He noted hopefully that our forces were being built up to the point where they could repel an enemy attack. Then, like Jefferson's firebell in the night, came the invasion of South Korea, which dropped the curtain on the postwar age of innocence. "General Quarters" sounded, and the American people were traumatized into facing the reality of the cold war.

The United States, following its usual Micawber policy in the area, was waiting for someone to turn up and Diem seemed to fit the bill

The importance of the Korean shock for our policy toward French Indochina was manifest: The region was seen as a necessary line of defense against aggressive world Communism personified by the Chinese, who, in addition to intervening in Korea, were busy subjugating Tibet and making nasty noises to terrify Nehru (successfully) and Pakistan (unsuccessfully). True, our generals thought the French were botching the job in Vietnam, but we could straighten them out with some good equipment and advice. The willingness to counter Communist aggression anywhere in the world, implicit in Harry Truman's 1947 Truman Doctrine speech, was now put to the test. Liberal internationalism, which had in fact been conceived in a European context, attained global status: The decision to let the Chinese fight it out was reversed, and the Seventh Fleet was ordered to protect Taiwan.

II.

"We are going to win in Vietnam. We will remain here until we do win. . . . I think the American people understand and fully support . . . a country that is trying to repel aggression with its own blood, tears, and sweat. . . . Vietnam's struggle to preserve its independence against Communist aggression is a grave one which affects free countries everywhere."

—Attorney General Robert Kennedy in Saigon, quoted in the New York Times, *February 19, 1962*

Liberal internationalism dominated the commanding rhetorical heights of American foreign policy for almost two decades. (If I had to date its demise, I would say it fell before a media firing squad during the Tet cataclysm of January 1968.) John Foster Dulles, despite much huffing

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and puffing about the inadequacies of "containment," sometimes seemed like a manic version of Dean Acheson. Acheson and the Democrats had patented a multilateral-treaty kit after its successful performance at Rio de Janeiro in 1947 and utilized it again to create NATO and ANZUS. It was a masterpiece of constitutional *trompe l'œil*: What seemingly was a firm commitment to an automatic response in the event any party was attacked emerged under close scrutiny as a promise to do so according to proper constitutional processes.

For a number of historical reasons this equivocal formula worked in the Latin American, European, and Antipodean contexts, but Dulles took the kit with him wherever he traveled, and lo, there appeared such ephemeral creations as CENTO and—the ruby in his crown—SEATO. In fairness, his labors were applauded on all sides: When SEATO was established at Manila in 1954, Dulles compared it to the Monroe Doctrine, a view apparently shared by his senatorial co-signatories Mike Mansfield and H. Alexander Smith of the Foreign Relations Committee.

On another front, the Eisenhower Administration in January 1955 asked Congress for authority to use American forces to protect Taiwan and the Pescadores in the event of an attack. This ancestor of the Tonkin Gulf Resolution passed both Houses by overwhelming margins—in the Senate only Wayne Morse, Herbert Lehman, and "Wild Bill" Langer, the North Dakota progressive isolationist who voted against *every* "foreign entanglement," were opposed.

Where was Indochina all this time? In rather bad shape, particularly after the de facto end of the Korean War in 1953, when the Chinese Communists began to ship military equipment from the Korean line to Ho Chi Minh. This is no place to explore French military and political strategy except to note that it deservedly generated a sense of defeatism in the *métropole* and in 1954 led Premier Pierre Mendès-France, after the May 7 surrender to the Vietminh of the "impregnable fortress" of Dienbienphu, to promise a French withdrawal from Vietnam. Meanwhile in April 1954, under the co-chairmanship of Britain and the Soviet Union, a conference had convened in Geneva to tackle great-power tensions in Korea and Indochina. This became the forum for the French farewell party.

On June 15 a new player appeared on the Vietnamese scene almost unnoticed. Ngo Dinh Diem became premier of South Vietnam. Despite later stories that he was installed by the United States, or Cardinal Spellman, the evidence indicates that the veteran anti-Communist nationalist—who had rejected office from both Ho and the French—was self-propelled. The French didn't block his path, because they were looking for a trustee in bankruptcy for South Vietnam and figured Diem was the ideal captain of a sinking ship. The United States, following its usual Micawber policy in the area, was waiting for someone to turn up and Diem seemed to fit the bill, though given the chaos and warlordism in the South most observers were pessimistic about his prospects.

Back at Geneva, Ho's representative, the seemingly immortal Pham Van Dong, was having a hard time with his comrades V. Molotov and Chou En-lai. Hanoi wanted a clean sweep in Vietnam, but the Soviets and Chinese had other things on their minds. Chou definitely did not want a major American commitment in Vietnam, on his southern border; it was bad enough to have us in Korea, Japan, and Taiwan. Molotov, for his part, wanted to peel the French away from NATO and, in particular, to see the European Defense Community deep-sixed by the French parliament. The result was that Pham was denied a green light and was forced to accept a "cold-war partition" of Vietnam at the 17th Parallel analogous to the "temporary" divisions between East and West Germany and North and South Korea.

In the end, the only agreements signed at Geneva were military pacts between the French and Hanoi covering Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. (Interestingly enough, Hanoi

AP/Wide World

Ambassador Graham Martin aboard the *USS Blue Ridge*; he left Saigon the day before, a folded flag in hand

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signed for both the Laotian and Cambodian Communist forces.) In Laos and Vietnam, provisions were made for resettlement: Communists in South Vietnam could go north, anti-Communists in the North could go south, and the Pathet Lao, the Communist guerrillas in Laos, were assigned to two provinces adjoining North Vietnam. A windy Final Declaration, which nobody signed and which had no legal status, talked about all-Vietnam elections and unification, but the practical measures of the signed documents moved in the opposite direction. Four or five million North Vietnamese were permitted to relocate on anti-Communist turf, hardly in anticipation of a unified Vietnam. In 1957, as confirmation of this exercise in Realpolitik, the Soviets nominated *both* Vietnams for membership in the United Nations.

The North Vietnamese returned to Hanoi to lick their wounds and plan for the next assault. They, like virtually everyone else, doubtless assumed that Diem's government would fall apart—that time was on their side. Diem refused to cooperate: With American assistance and his own talents, he busted the Binh Xuyen—the gangsters who with French connivance had dominated Saigon—and the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai sects with their private armies, and had established a government of authentic nationalists. This made the Americans almost ecstatic—at last we had a Vietnamese leader untainted by collaboration with the colonial power; no longer were the French around to block our efforts to implement the principle of self-determination.

It may seem unkind (although there is a strong element of autobiography in it) to say the Americans were delighted with their new toy. Diem, like the Americans of the eighteenth century, could write on a blank slate, could create a *novus ordo seclorum*. With some enlightened help from us, the South Vietnamese could build a city upon a hill, a model democracy to serve as a symbol of our intentions in the developing world. This began in the Eisenhower years, but the notion reached full bloom in 1961 with the advent of John F. Kennedy. The rhetoric of liberal internationalism peaked in his Inaugural Address: Making the world safe for freedom was our international vocation, with no prudential or cost/benefit qualifications. And the Republic of Vietnam was to be our laboratory.

Although, as a born worst-case thinker, I was more skeptical than most about the malleability of human beings and societies, my heart was uplifted at the concept of "democratic political development." In that same period, Representative Don Fraser introduced a successful amendment to the foreign-aid appropriations statute requiring that a certain amount be set aside to promote democratic ideals. In essence we were projecting our domestic civil-rights concerns upon the world; Lyndon Johnson would later talk about establishing the Great Society in Asia, complete with a TVA on the Mekong.

In the 1970s, flinty-eyed young revisionist historians would interpret all this reforming fervor as a sinister, probably CIA-inspired cover for American "imperial" ambitions. I pity them: They have missed the pain of some crash landings, but they can never experience the liberation, even though fleeting, of unrestrained, joyous naïveté. I recall immense pride in Jack Kennedy's decision to use naval maneuvers to indicate that we would not permit "Ramfis" to inherit the Trujillo dictatorship from his savage, murdered father, thus launching the Dominican Republic on the road to freedom. "Gunboat diplomacy"? Nonsense: intervening on behalf of our ideals!

It was in this missionary spirit that we undertook the salvation of the Republic of Vietnam. Unfortunately, there were two big problems: the North Vietnamese and Ngo Dinh Diem. By the late Fifties, Hanoi had concluded that the locomotive of history had to be speeded up, and in 1959 the Party's 15th Plenum decided to mount a full-scale military invasion of the South. Southern cadres who had gone to ground in 1954 were reactivated, and the Vietcong guerrilla movement began rapid expansion. Moreover, as General Vo Bam told a French television crew doing a history of the Ho Chi Minh Trail in 1983, "On May 19, 1959, I had the privilege of being designated by the Vietnamese Communist Party . . . to unleash a military attack on the South to liberate the South and reunify the fatherland."

In short, General Vo Bam in a sentence repudiated the myth so beloved by anti-Vietnam agitators: that events in South Vietnam constituted a "civil war." Given the real fundaments of the Geneva settlement described earlier, the war in Vietnam could be construed as a "civil war" only if one were prepared so to define an East German invasion of West Germany. Moreover, the general added that by the beginning of 1961, when the United States had 685

When we took out the president of Vietnam, we nailed the American flag to the pole in Saigon. We were now in loco parentis to 16 million Vietnamese

military advisors in the South, he had deployed thirty thousand North Vietnamese regulars in the region to set up the infrastructure for the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

From that time to the fall of Saigon a decade ago, Hanoi was engaged in simple, naked aggression. It was not a guerrilla war but a conventional war fought in tropical terrain. The North Vietnamese did not arrive in Saigon on horseback wearing bandoliers; they arrived in Soviet tanks and armored personnel carriers. (Most forgot to wear the paste-on insignia indicating they were from southern, not Tonkinese, regiments.)

It was the reality of this North Vietnamese presence that made the Westmoreland libel trial seem so otherworldly. To those of us who labored to assess the situation on the ground, that eerie, interminable dispute over how many guerrillas were loose in the territory was simply irrelevant. The big problem was always the regular North Vietnamese divisions sitting in Laos, Cambodia, or the North Vietnamese panhandle, who could rip in and out: It was about eighty miles from Cambodia to Saigon, fifty from Laos to Hué, and 35 from North Vietnam to Quang Tri. Our troops and the South Vietnamese (ARVN) were fighting not part-time warriors, but trained, disciplined, and well-armed regulars, aided by marginally significant guerrillas.

As Hanoi settled in for a long war—and Pham Van Dong told Bernard Fall early on that "Americans do not like long wars"—we were trying to get the South Vietnamese act together. The crucial figure was Diem, who

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was anything but an unprogrammed computer waiting for American software. Diem was a nationalist and an authoritarian, not a puppet. "The last mandarin," as Denis Warner called him, was not about to be programmed in an American progressive school. He and his brother Nhu ("a sinister force," as Al Haig might put it) were quite prepared to listen to and then ignore American wisdom while accepting all the material support they could get.

To abbreviate what could easily become a historical epic, by 1962-63, ARVN was getting badly chopped up by better-trained and -equipped North Vietnamese and Main Force Vietcong, the American press in Saigon was screaming about Diem's dictatorial habits, Buddhists led by a wily political bonze named Tri Quang were "spontaneously" (one suicide was held up for an hour until the TV cameras arrived) immolating themselves in protest against Diem's persecution, and Diem was not on speaking terms with the American Embassy, especially Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, whom he suspected of conniving in an earlier abortive coup. What should the United States do?

A nineteenth-century statesman weaned on *raison d'état* would undoubtedly have suggested that we concede to Diem that Vietnam was his country, but explain that we thought he was on a collision course and that if he rejected our advice and warning we would simply disengage, take our marbles, and go home. This indeed was the nub of de Gaulle's position, which has been immortalized in Denis Healey's "Law of Holes": "If you're in one, stop digging." After all, the rhetoric of Harry Truman and John Kennedy had always been tempered by footnotes to the effect that we were not the world's policeman, that the locals had to keep their end up. If Diem volunteered to be skipper of the *Titanic*, we didn't have to buy tickets.

Unfortunately this prudential option was never seriously considered. Instead, the dervishes of liberal internationalism in Saigon and Washington, including many of my close political associates, decided that, as Rousseau put it, the South Vietnamese must be "forced to be free": "Diem Must Go!" The national board of Americans for Democratic Action, of which I was national chairman, in 1963 heatedly debated and narrowly defeated a (to my mind bizarre) resolution that the United States should topple Diem. The rationale can be found in David Halberstam's dispatches from Saigon to the *New York Times*: South Vietnam was vital to American strategic interests, and the only way to fight a good, effective war against Hanoi was to eliminate Diem.

Diem was eliminated, two weeks later the President who had approved the coup was assassinated, and a new President—who had opposed the coup: "playing cowboys and Indians in Saigon," he said at a National Security Council meeting—inherited the shambles. Not only that, but he felt strongly (as did I) that when we took out the president of Vietnam, we nailed the American flag to the pole in Saigon. We were now, as a matter of honor, *in loco parentis* to 16 million South Vietnamese.

The murder of Diem and Nhu opened the second act of the Vietnamese drama and was considered by the *New York Times* and other organs of enlightened opinion as an omen of great things to come. On November 24, 1963, the new President (still in his Executive Office Building suite out of respect for Jackie Kennedy) met Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, who (as LBJ told me later) denied any complicity in the deaths of Diem and Nhu and told him that now everything was going to be fine in Vietnam. Alas, the opposite was true: In 1964, politically, South Vietnam resembled a drunken square dance; militarily, ARVN was being methodically chewed up by Communist forces.

Diem with all his faults was irreplaceable. In a similar situation, I suspect that Tito in 1948-49 was Yugoslavia's only focus of unity, mini-Stalin that he was, and had we made our support of Yugoslavia against the Cominform conditional on his removal, the Soviets would today be running Yugoslavia and Albania as they do Bulgaria. History tends to play strange tricks on idealists.

However, a lack of history can be even more crippling: For example, young Americans today, baffled by the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations' concern about China in the early 1960s, are totally innocent of the knowledge that in this period Mao was on an aggressive "high." In October 1962, while we were absorbed in the Cuban missile crisis, the People's Liberation Army had invaded India, and Mao's friend in Djakarta, President Sukarno, was trying to grab Malaysia and the British sections of Borneo.

In the early 1960s there were strong reasons for the U.S. to take the Chinese threat seriously and consider South Vietnam one of Mao's targets

Australia (population 11 million) was terrified of the hostile Indonesians (population 160 million?) sitting one hundred miles across the Torres Strait. Aussies, Brits, Malays, and Gurkhas were fighting a very nasty jungle war in Borneo. It is bemusing for one who has seen the cables from Canberra to Washington in 1963-65 to recall their emphasis on ANZUS, which in 1985 is regarded as a slightly comic U.S. venture into the Antipodes.

Without going into matters doubtless still classified, it is fair to say that in 1964-65 the Australian government made Barry Goldwater sound like a pacifist. However, when Sukarno was overthrown in October 1965, and his policy of "confrontation" repudiated by Suharto, Australian support for the Vietnam War rapidly waned.

I digress, but the point is important: At a time when certainty about tricky political-moral questions seems to be a growth industry, it is useful to recommend a cold reappraisal. In Southeast Asia in the early 1960s there also were strong reasons for the United States to take the Chinese threat seriously and consider South Vietnam one of Mao's targets.

Looking at the insignificant American assets in South Vietnam, serious strategic analysts thought we were in no position to fight anybody, but, captured by the post-Diem euphoria, Secretary of Defense McNamara on January 27, 1964, told the House Armed Services Committee that he hoped to withdraw a majority of the 15,000 troops in the Vietnam training mission by the end of 1965! In short, perhaps because 1964 was a presidential election year, the populace was exposed to a weird mix of apocalyptic pronouncements about the deteriorating American position in

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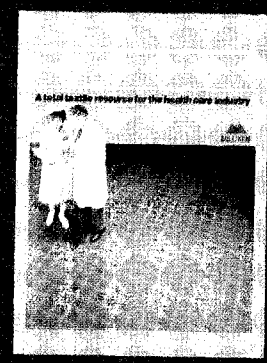

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To those who want a detailed analysis of our non-policies in 1964-65, I recommend Guenter Lewy's *America in Vietnam*. My concern here is with certain high points that led to the split in the policy elite, the emergence of a new-old generation of isolationists, and the collapse of the post-World War II consensus that I have labeled liberal internationalism. The first, and hardest to convey, is the subjective distinction between Kennedy and Johnson: They came from two different worlds with virtually no overlap. Kennedy observed of Nixon, "No class," the ultimate in contempt; he was too smart to say it of LBJ, but the Vice President read it in his body language—and in the arrogance of his staff.

Worse, after Kennedy's death he lived with it, internalized it to the point where he felt he was constantly being judged by a ghost, constantly being held up to the Kennedy model by the American people and found wanting. I once told him he was nuts, that any Democratic candidate who could almost lose to Nixon in a recession year was hardly a national role model, but he was trapped. The policy consequence of this was his insistence on "continuity of the Kennedy program," complete with its architects, notably Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara.

(I confess that McNamara always put bad blips on my radar screen. There was something about his total assurance that made me nervous, and I began to wonder if his spectacular reorganization of the Pentagon was not a Wizard of Oz caper in which elaborate machines were used to produce exact projections that no one without the codes could either verify or refute. And the whiz kids kept the codes locked up. He spooked me—and after reading his long deposition in the Westmoreland case, I am even more spooked.)

The election over, the government of the United States began to function, and a top priority was Vietnam. Johnson was torn by conflicting viewpoints: Ambassador Maxwell Taylor in Saigon was sending ominous cables as collapse seemed imminent, the new Soviet leadership reversed Khrushchev's coolness toward Hanoi, the Chinese Communists were growling about possible intervention if the U.S. "expanded" the war (and they had tested their first nuclear bomb on October 16, 1964), the old pros in the Army and Marines were talking about the need for at least a ten-year commitment of a million Americans to win the war, and the President had his own agenda. He wanted to get civil rights, voting rights, Medicaid, Medicare, and the whole package of Great Society domestic programs passed and implemented.

Saying in effect to Secretaries Rusk and McNamara as he set off on his whirlwind fight for the Great Society, "Get that damned Vietnamese mess off my back!," the President set the bureaucratic gears in motion, and soon William P. Bundy, Assistant Secretary of State, East Asia and Pacific, and John McNaughton, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, were working out scenarios. They were confronted with an impossible task: "Win the war, but don't make an issue out of it." This, of course, required the full cooperation of Ho Chi Minh, who was not the cooperative sort.

Since ARVN was a wreck and we still did not have enough troops in the South (21,000 in 1964) to try to rebuild it, the initial solution was to tackle the North at its weakest point, from the air. Although today they might deny it, in the winter of 1964-65 my friends Bill Bundy and Walt Rostow seemed convinced that when the first U.S. jets buzzed Hanoi and Haiphong, Ho Chi Minh would sue for peace. Once he saw the U.S. was serious, was going to punish him for his beastly behavior, he would know the jig was up and sit down to negotiate. North Vietnam fight a *real* war with the United States? Preposterous! If he stalled initially, we would turn the pressure up a couple of notches; that would surely do it. Needless to say, the Air Force and Navy supplied conclusive proof that this blackmail scenario would work. So, on February 7, 1965, the systematic bombing of the North began.

Meanwhile in the South, fast action was needed to save the situation on the ground. In March the first two Marine battalions were deployed; in April LBJ approved an additional increase of twenty thousand men; and at a meeting in Hawaii he was urged to up the authorization to 82,000.

McNaughton gave me a dusty answer: 'It would take two years to make an army out of [ARVN] and by then we'll have won the war'

These were still technically "military support forces," with the mission of stiffening and training ARVN. The crunch came in June when Westmoreland asked for 44 more maneuver battalions (about forty thousand troops) and the right to use them in combat "to strengthen" ARVN; both requests were approved in July, and by the end of the year U.S. armed forces in the South totaled 184,000. (There were also two Korean divisions, an Australian brigade, and a New Zealand battalion.) In Saigon, political stability of a sort was achieved in June when Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky became premier.

Sometime between the first big troop jump in April, and August 18, 1965, when U.S. troops staged their first independent attack on the Communists, a critical decision was made, or perhaps made itself, namely to Americanize the war. If I had to pick a date it would be July 8, when Max Taylor resigned as ambassador to Saigon and was replaced by Henry Cabot Lodge. The three "parachute generals," Ridgway, Taylor, and Gavin, took a very dim view of an open-ended American commitment to a land war in Asia; and in Taylor's case this had amounted to almost public criticism of Westmoreland's shopping list.

Taylor had generated some flak in April, when McNaughton at Defense had urged deployment of the 173rd Airborne Brigade, by saying this was "hasty and ill-advised." He reacted as adversely to the expertise of military intellectuals in 1965 as he had in 1959 when he retired as Army Chief of Staff to protest the policy of "massive retaliation." He had unconcealed contempt for those who confuse war games with wars. Now Lodge was back and could be counted on not to bother Westmoreland or CINCPAC with nasty questions based on a lifetime's experience in that dirty business called combat.

The non-decision to Americanize the war rested on three

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largely unacknowledged premises: 1) the fact that ARVN was losing badly, 2) the military aversion to training missions, and 3) McNamara's faith in his simulation exercises. The first hardly needs elaboration. ARVN—for which Westmoreland requested automatic weapons in 1965, but did not dispute rejection—was outgunned by the regular North Vietnamese army (PAVN) and Vietcong with their 7.62 Soviet weapons family. A VC company with AK-47s had roughly the firepower of an ARVN battalion armed with Korean War leftovers. M-16s were not ordered for ARVN until the spring of 1968, after McNamara had been succeeded by Clark Clifford and Westmoreland by Creighton Abrams.

The second item may sound cynical—unless you are a PhD in English literature who has to read and grade 250 freshman writing exercises a week. Training troops—*a fortiori*, foreign troops where there is a language barrier—is a labor of Sisyphus. No sooner do you get through with one cycle (and hope they don't bend the pins in their grenades to make them safer to carry!) than another one clonks in. Also, to do it right is a lengthy process: Once General Ridgway in Korea made the decision that, like it or not, we were going to turn the "Roks" into an army, it was about a year and a half before the first divisions emerged from the cooker. They were in fact crack soldiers and, once in place, were an essential form of military capital formation, because they could take over the training of their compatriots. But the decision had to be made and the "window of vulnerability" closed until the process completed its first cycle.

One of the submerged differences between Taylor and Westmoreland was precisely this: While Westmoreland never advocated Americanizing the war (to be generous, he was and is not a conceptualizer), by a process of accretion his recommendations amounted to the same thing. Besides, conceding that his training mission was vital in the long run, he felt the immediate defense of the South took priority. This was true, but later, when he had about 450,000 troops, the training mission was still neglected.

Indeed, in the fall of 1966 ARVN—in what I considered an insane decision—was broken into company-sized units and shipped out to the provinces to be essentially the National Guard. I sent President Johnson a flaming memo, which may still be classified, reflecting these views. He told me to talk to Rostow, who seemed to agree and urged I contact McNaughton. McNaughton gave me a dusty answer: "It would take two years to make an army out of them, and by then we'll have won the war." For almost two years thereafter I got a variation on this theme while the lead time moved with the date of my question.

Which brings us to McNamara and his numerologists, who had worked out the whole victory scenario on their computers. Central to it was that once we got the children (ARVN) off the streets and massed our technological assets we would give Hanoi a lesson it would never forget. In cost-benefit terms it would be easier, cheaper, and more exemplary if we took over the war. Our performance then would serve as a lesson throughout the Third World: a motto that could have been inscribed over the doorway of the Green Berets' headquarters at Fort Bragg. (They were →

AP/Wide World

Fire Base O'Reilly: South Vietnamese troopers call in helicopter gunships to knock out enemy mortars

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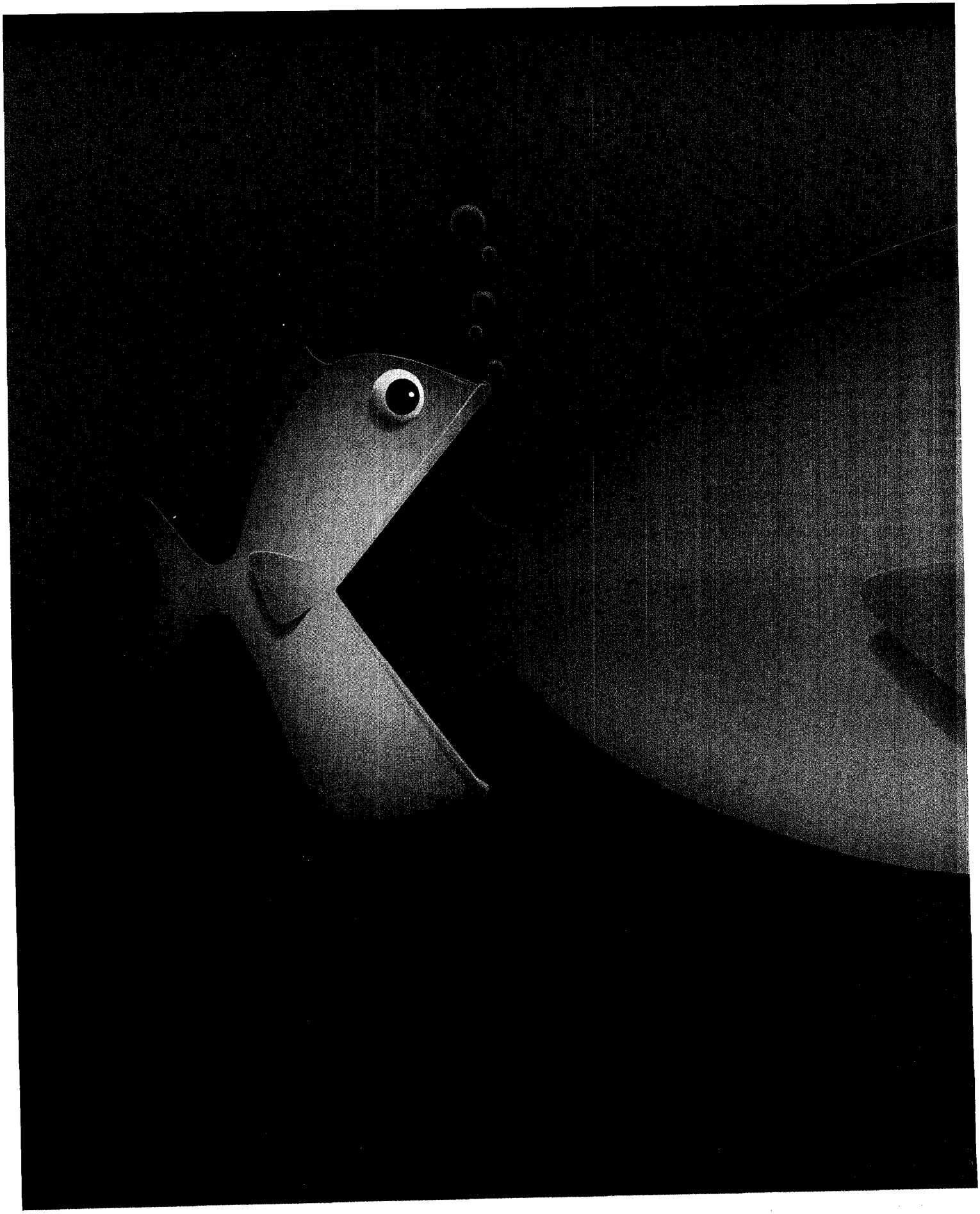

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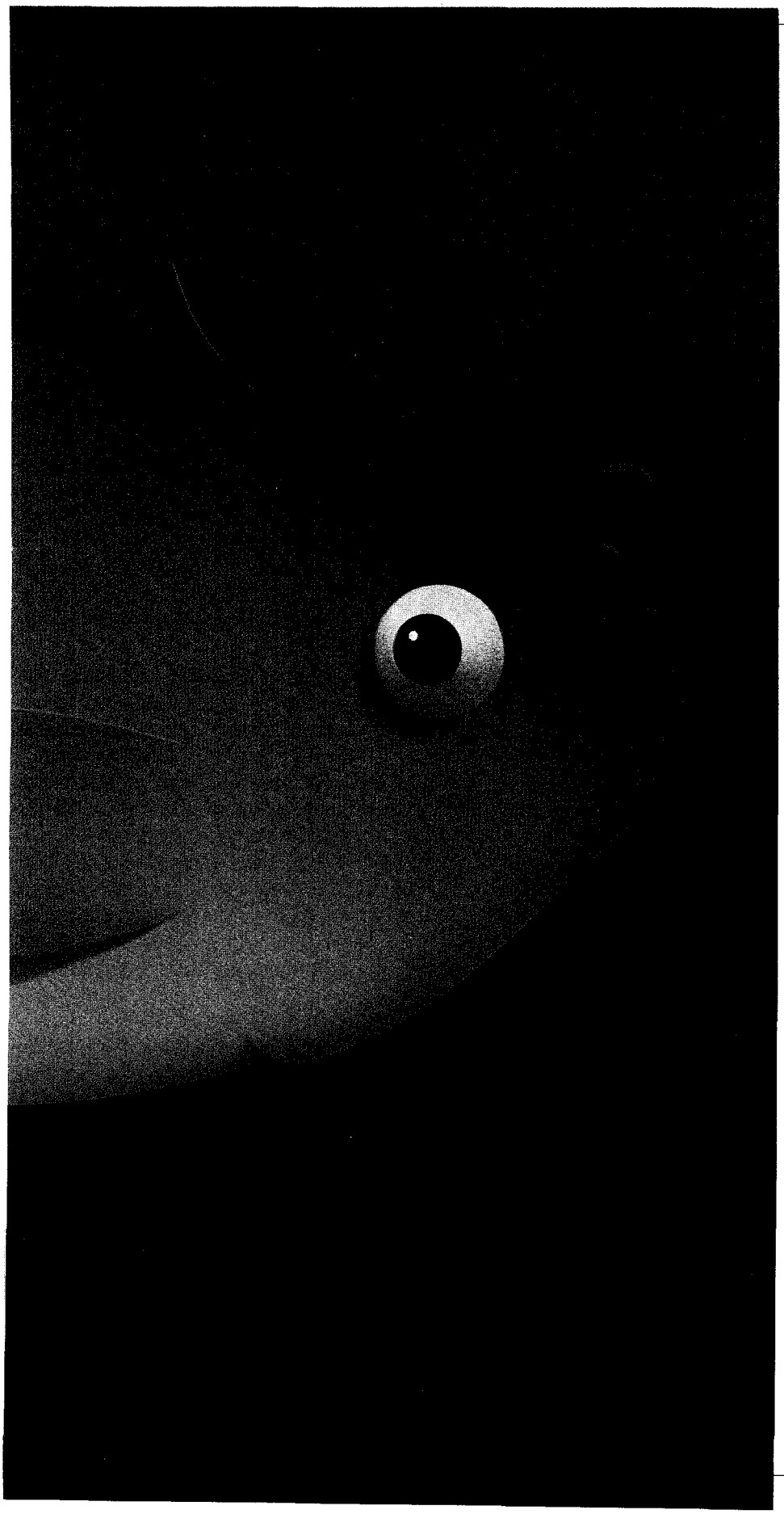

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Business imperatives have a nasty way of evolving right out from under expensive, just-installed systems.

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part of the Kennedy-McNamara macho mystique: an atmosphere, to me almost sacrilegious, of violence as a quasi-religious vocation.)

So far, I have treated developments in Indochina as though they occurred in a domestic political vacuum. In fact, part of the problem was that a number of the protagonists were wearing space suits. But by the end of 1965 Vietnam was not just a little private war off at the end of the world, it was the focus of world attention and the catalyst for the disruption of American politics as we had known them since World War II. In an earlier article in this journal ["The Passing of 'The Class of 1941,'" October 19, 1984] I set forth at some length my thesis on the role of Vietnam in revitalizing traditional American isolationism, in re-legitimizing America First in both its conservative and its progressive forms.

The first harbinger of this in 1965-66 was the "Jacobite" revival, built around the assumption that we wouldn't be in all this mess "if only Jack were here." The reluctant leader of this configuration of internal émigrés, Senator Robert Kennedy ("the Old Pretender," in my script), found himself pushed to break with LBJ by the now unappreciated spear carriers at Camelot, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Centurion. (Schlesinger's break with the Vietnam War led me to observe in the *Washington Post*, with apologies to Lord Acton, "that if power tends to corrupt, the absence of power corrupts absolutely.") Odd stories surfaced: "Jack Kennedy had taken Kenny O'Donnell into a closet and whispered that once he was re-elected in 1964 he'd get out of Vietnam." Or, "Adlai Stevenson, just before he died, was planning to resign as United Nations ambassador in protest over Johnson's policies." The point of all these tales was that Johnson had betrayed the Kennedy trust, had gone off on a crazy Texas-style military adventure and besmirched the good name of the United States in the eyes of the world community.

Combined with this liberal defection, which had great appeal to those figures in the media who had been mesmerized by Kennedy's spectacular buddy act, was a generational revolt, notably among the *jeunesse dorée*, against the house gods of anyone "over thirty." Johnson, as noted earlier, assumed all political players worked by the same rules, and he was profoundly hurt by what he saw as the ingratitude of the young who benefited from his educational programs, the blacks who were aided by his civil-rights acts, the poor who were succored by his poverty programs. How could there be a race riot in Newark, which had received the greatest per-capita federal support?

He, and the rest of us in "the Alamo" (the White House in 1967-68), had assumed that the real political backlash would come from the Right; all our fortifications faced in that direction. But generals aren't the only ones who fight the last war (in this case Korea), and when the onslaught was mounted from the Left, we were caught by surprise. I correctly assumed that a trivial percentage of the young were out screaming, but forgot to do my math: In 1970 there were more than fifty million Americans in the 18 to 34 age group. Assuming that perhaps 5 per cent got involved in the anti-Johnson festivities, you had a join-a-riot poll of 2.5 million making riots a growth entertainment industry—particularly when the TV cameras were there to establish a national competition for exhibitionism.

After the media got through with Tet, which *was* an overwhelming U.S.-ARVN victory, even the hardiest liberal internationalists began to jump ship. Robert Kennedy was their (temporarily) lost leader, but until he accepted his natural right to govern, Gene McCarthy would have to serve. In February 1968, the national board of Americans for Democratic Action endorsed McCarthy for the Democratic presidential nomination, with Schlesinger, Richard Goodwin, Pat Moynihan, Jack Conway, and a number of other leading Jacobites among the strong majority.

I sadly resigned. McCarthy was a charming guy, but a *Luftmensch*: In the Senate he had been one of LBJ's pocket votes, had planned to nominate Johnson against Kennedy at Los Angeles in 1960, was raised by Hubert Humphrey in the Minnesota Democratic-Farm Labor Party, and resigned from the national board of ADA in 1960 when we endorsed Jack Kennedy! Suddenly, with no anti-Vietnam voting record in the Senate, he became the knight in shining armor. I often think he did it out of simple boredom —the Senate is not an inspiring forum.

But, however motivated, McCarthy created the magnetic field Bobby had refused to generate and found himself venerated by the young enthusiasts and supported, at least pro forma, by the Jacobites, until, after New Hampshire, Bobby was struck by lightning on the White House Road. There was only one enemy: not Nixon, but Johnson—and, after he took the veil on March 31, 1968, poor Hubert Humphrey. The less said of the 1968 Democratic campaign the better. Humphrey tried to keep the old liberal internationalist faith, but, yearning for the affection of the disaffected young, he havered, wavered, and ended up with 43 per cent of the vote. Some still say it was "close," but they seem to think the 13 per cent who voted for George Wallace were members of the War Resisters League. Liberal internationalism went down for the long count.

III.

"To search for a solution, knowing that the problem is insoluble; to serve, while smiling at what one serves; to subject oneself to an iron discipline, without end and without profit; . . . to know, to understand, and to tolerate, while constantly bearing in mind the painful uselessness of being right . . ." —*Henry de Montherlant, 1929*

The North Vietnamese did agree to negotiations shortly before the election (as I had predicted to President Johnson in a now declassified memo of March 27, 1967), but everything went on hold until President Nixon's inauguration. Nixon, whatever his faults, had a shrewd grasp of what the American people now wanted—to end the war without losing it—and he set his grand vizier, Henry Kissinger, to squaring this circle. There were a number of vital components: 1) get American ground troops out of Vietnam; 2) train and equip ARVN to fight the ground war; 3) continue air and logistical support; and 4) threaten Hanoi with unspoken horrors if it did not behave.

The program went well. ARVN, brought out of the bleachers, became a brave and reasonably effective fighting force—in proportional population terms, the South Vietnamese had the equivalent of two million Americans killed in action. Moreover, the Thieu government, which had a better democratic specific gravity than probably two-thirds of the members of the United Nations, set to work on land reform and even passed out half a million rifles to peas-

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ants for self-defense against guerrillas. Most important from the Administration's viewpoint, American troops came home intact instead of in coffins.

Hanoi was restocking and waiting, and on March 30, 1972, it launched a massive drive into the South, this time with upgraded Soviet armor, rockets, and heavy artillery. ARVN, with American air and naval support, reeled but took the punch. Three PAVN divisions surrounded An Loc, a key point on Highway 13 leading from Cambodia to Saigon, but the garrison, supplied by air drops, held out, taking as many as five thousand incoming shells and rockets a day. ARVN lost ground elsewhere (Quang Tri in the north), yet emerged battered but successful.

The President resumed heavy bombing of North Vietnam, sent naval vessels to provide enormous artillery support, and mined and blockaded North Vietnamese ports. It was a costly victory, but when you consider that PAVN had thrown in 14 divisions and 26 independent regiments —virtually its entire order of battle—and probably lost a good half of its heavy equipment to American air and naval strikes, Vietnamization seemed to have a chance. If the American umbrella was maintained.

Significantly, since there were few American losses (our contribution was capital- rather than labor-intensive) and Nixon had abolished the draft, there was virtually no domestic protest. Besides, the President was bouncing around the Communist world, making eternal peace with Brezhnev and finding the Great Wall of China "great," which suggested that perhaps Moscow and Peking would cut their losses in Vietnam by not rearming PAVN.

In objective terms, Nixon's landslide win over the "peace candidate," McGovern, in November 1972 and the absence of protest over the "Christmas bombing" of Hanoi and Haiphong, which brought Le Duc Tho to Paris to sign the January 1973 "peace agreement," seemed to give cause for optimism. I predicted to an American Enterprise Institute audience in February 1973 that the treaty, "if enforced," could bring peace. Whether I was right or not was never put to the test: The next two years highlighted the self-destruction of Richard Nixon and the public excoriation of every policy he had ever, soundly or unsoundly, supported. We even had the Second Coming of Alger Hiss—who, it was argued, must have been innocent because Nixon considered him guilty!

However, even before Nixon managed to give anti-Communism a bad name, there was somber background music. The absence of protest in 1972, seen with 20/20 hindsight, was part of a broader "black hole" syndrome. As our troops returned, there were no cheering crowds and bands waiting to welcome them. The peaceniks heaped obloquy upon them, while the great majority of Americans who had supported the war sulked in their tents just hoping the whole bloody mess would become a non-event. If you asked this latter group, "Do you want to see Vietnam go to the Communists?" the answer was a resounding "No!" But there was no significant constituency to support the kind of military backup required to maintain the peace.

Even before 1972, Nixon and Kissinger had a keen appreciation of this absence of consensus. Kissinger on numerous occasions indicated privately his worst-case thinking about the future of the Saigon government. He has been accused of devising a Machiavellian strategy that would keep Saigon functioning for a "decent interval" after the Americans disengaged—a disguised bugout—but I think this charge exaggerates his alleged demonic skills. Certainly there were those around him who advocated such a policy, but, to break with the conventional wisdom, I don't think Kissinger ever had the supernal powers attributed to

AP/Wide World

ARVN troops and youthful helpers cross wreck of bridge blown up by VC and PAVN regulars

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him. I have sat in the Situation Room with half a dozen of the brightest men I've ever worked with trying to cope with, say, the *Pueblo* crisis, and emerged, as did they, with a sense of frustrated impotence.

To put it differently, world events refused to conform to *a priori* concepts (as even McNamara began to realize in 1967—or in early 1966, as his Westmoreland deposition indicates), and there is no Bed of Procrustes to bring reality into manageable shape. Nixon and Kissinger were, to be magnanimous, no smarter than Johnson and Rusk. In practice they could never implement a "master strategy," but had to improvise with variables that changed from day to day. To take an example from a different region, how

Finally, however tragic the outcome, I will argue to my dying day that this was the most idealistic war we have ever fought

could President Carter anticipate that the Vance-Gromyko communiqué of October 1, 1977, calling for a great-power conference on the Middle East, would put President Sadat on the first plane to Jerusalem? Sadat had his problems with Moscow, but that he would break in this fashion with the Islamic world was beyond rational anticipation.

As domestic events unrolled in 1973-75, there probably was no chance to save South Vietnam: Kissinger wrote, "In 1973 in my bones I knew that collapse was just a matter of time." My bones ached too. Hanoi was being re-equipped from the bottomless Soviet arsenal for another, better-led (Giap, having botched the 1972 invasion, was replaced by General Van Tien Dung) assault on Saigon, Laos, and Cambodia. With the President bleeding from Watergate and other self-inflicted wounds, Vice President Spiro Agnew defenestrated for corruption, and the media engaged in a ferocious war dance, the Democratic Congress moved in for the kill. ("Congress," President Johnson observed when the House expelled Adam Clayton Powell, "only moves when there's blood on the floor. It has a liking for shooting the wounded.")

Limiting presidential power became the order of the day, featuring the War Powers Act and a mass of more specific measures designed to curb covert activities in Angola and elsewhere and to fold our hand, militarily speaking, in Indochina. For a time it seemed as though everybody was investigating everything: the CIA; our intervention in Chile; FBI infiltration of alleged subversive groups; and so on down the list. It was quite a circus and Americans enjoy circuses, particularly when they are trying to forget unpleasant matters, in this case, the fate of the South Vietnamese, the Laotians, and the Cambodians. *En passant*, in fiscal 1973 Congress appropriated $2.3 billion for the support of the South Vietnamese armed forces; in 1974, this was halved; in 1975, another third was cut. In addition, the Thieu government faced an acute economic crisis.

PAVN strategist General Dung in 1976 explained the view from Hanoi: "The enemy became passive and utterly weakened. . . . The reduction in U.S. aid made it impossible for the puppet troops to carry out their combat plans and build up their forces. . . . Thieu was then forced to fight a poor man's war. Enemy firepower had decreased by nearly 60 per cent because of bomb and ammunition shortages. Its mobility was also reduced by half due to lack of aircraft, vehicles, and fuel." Dung and his comrades, as Lewy has documented, also agreed that American action was highly unlikely in the event they struck—Watergate had left the Executive supine and paralyzed.

In March, with Dung in field command, the North Vietnamese threw in everything they had against Thieu's run-down army: In the kick-off battles in the Central Highlands, PAVN had ARVN outnumbered 5.5 to 1 in infantry strength alone, and it had seemingly unlimited supplies of armor and fuel. By April 30, the poorly led South Vietnamese were simply overwhelmed by the weight and effective leadership of Hanoi's forces, and the war was over. Simultaneously, in Cambodia, a PAVN force buttressed by Khmer Rouge led by Pol Pot (Hanoi's present Khmer chief, Heng Samrin, was one of Pol Pot's lieutenants) crushed the Lon Nol regime and entered Phnom Penh. Laos had been under de facto Communist control for years. Graham Martin folded the flag and boarded the helicopter.

In the aftermath, Hanoi proceeded to demonstrate that we old democratic socialist anti-Communists knew our customers. The National Liberation Front, hailed as the authentic voice of the South Vietnamese masses, quietly vanished along with its clone, the People's Revolutionary Government. The United Nations suffered the only casualty in its history when, a year after two Communist Vietnamese states had been admitted, only one turned up. The "bloodbath" we had predicted, to the scorn of the enlightened, who had been personally assured by Pham Van Dong that progressive Communist states repudiate genocide, began in Cambodia with an abattoir unmatched since Hitler's camps were closed and Josef Stalin's Gulag diminished.

AP/Wide World

Boat people: on and on and on they come

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You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK

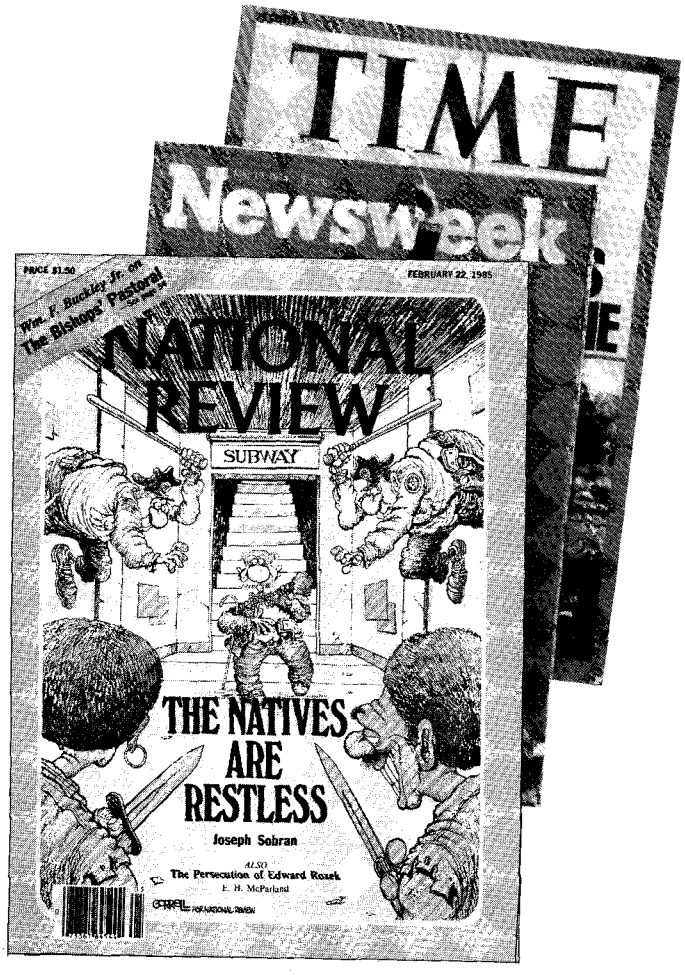
- **Soviet Cat-and-Mouse Games in Swedish Waters**
  By Stuart Y. Silverstein

- **A. Hitler v. J. Stalin—The Battle of the Superkillers**
  Eugene H. Methvin's blow-by-blow account

- **Edward Teller Takes a Look at What's Ahead**
  Anthony P. X. Bothwell reports

- **Gay Rights March On**
  Parade-watcher Frank Zepezauer has some comments

- **A Conservative Case for Land Reform**
  Rhoda Rabkin presents her brief



But you *will* find them in coming issues of *National Review* (and *only* in *National Review*). Articles like these are important to you for this good reason—*they keep you in touch with the "other" point of view,* and that's come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting.

What's more, you'll find that keeping up with the news the NR way helps you to better evaluate what you *do* read in the "news magazines" (or see on TV). NR gives your own opinions the critical balance that can make your views and conversations more interesting—because it's one magazine that really *does* give you the view from the other side. And backs it up.

But the benefits of getting *National Review* regularly don't stop with this special coverage of current events. There is an abundance of other features to expand your horizons and delight your sense of humor. The book section with its discerning reviews of really important books is a treasure in itself. Movies and plays get the same unusual treatment. There are also articles on the latest in travel, food and wine, music, and so on. To say nothing of the inimitable cartoons of Gauerke, Mal, and others. In short, the regular readers of *National Review* keep up with the arts and manners of our times—but from a refreshingly different point of view.

All of which makes NR one of the best buys around. And all *you* have to do to start enjoying this genuinely interesting magazine regularly is to fill out the postpaid card (opposite) and mail it back to us. It entitles you to 15 big issues (30 weeks) of *National Review* at the special introductory rate (for new subscribers only) of just $17.95. A bargain price indeed for some of the best journalism in America. Send in the handy card today. It's the first step in the *right* direction.

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The Vietnamese performance was more sophisticated, consisting of death on the installment plan in "re-education camps," mostly in the appalling environment of the Central Highlands. Prison conditions in the South were savage, making the Thieu-era prisons look like playgrounds. (One old anti-Communist Vietminh leader, who had spent years in brutal French jails, was promptly bagged by Hanoi's security forces when he was foolish enough to hang around Saigon. Later he escaped and noted for the record, "All in all, the French were infinitely preferable.") But the news was slow in emerging: Not until the late 1970s, with the boat people, did the West awake to the Vietnamese Gulag.

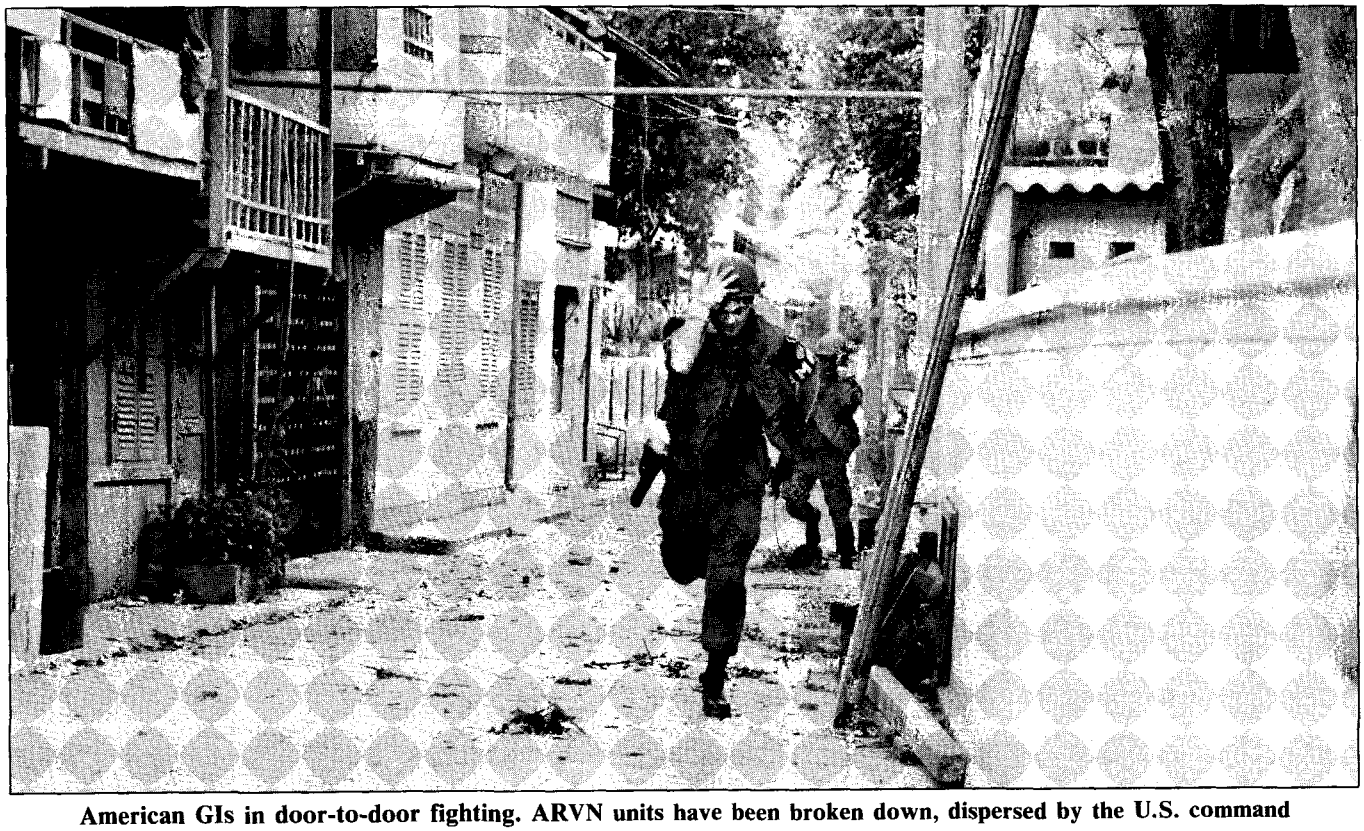
So we were right, so what? It was hardly a source of joy to see horrendous predictions come true, but the amazing thing was that the pundits and politicians who had been wrong blithely went on to new pastures. Worse, as I discovered in several encounters with leading antiwar academics, it became a mortal sin, an *ad hominem* or *ad feminam* attack, to quote accurately from some of their writings on Southeast Asia. It was Uwe-Siemon-Netto—a West German journalist who had written some of the most virulent anti-American dispatches from Indochina—who, to his credit, made the pertinent recommendation to his peers: that what would be most appropriate on their part was a prolonged period of silence.

To conclude on this note would be to leave the false impression that a major war casualty was John Roche's ego. True, my scars ache, and I do (as the Irish aphorism puts it) tend to believe that to forgive is divine and therefore not one of my prerogatives. But the underlying causes of our defeat were structural, were a consequence of societal plate tectonics. Confronted by a huge new generation, which like its predecessors believed the world began the day it arrived, the liberal internationalist elite lost its moorings and its nerve. It quit almost without a fight.

To say this is not to suggest that we were bit players in an eschatological drama, that history has been scripted, because individual and group decisions were crucial at many stages in the course of this narrative. President Kennedy's ambiguous approval of anti-Diem action at the NSC meeting on October 29, 1963, which was translated into full-bodied approval by the coup-mongers in Washington and Saigon, marked one possible fork in the road. Another road not taken was Vietnamization in 1964-65, and Lyndon Johnson's inability to explain persuasively why we were out there demoralized his own supporters and exacerbated the passions of his opponents. The media performance on the Tet Offensive was clearly a catalytic element in creating a mood of national disillusionment, and Richard Nixon's behavior slammed the coffin lid on presidential credibility and strategic initiatives for the remainder of the 1970s.

Finally, however tragic the outcome, I will argue to my dying day that this was the most idealistic war we have ever fought, fundamentally a war for an abstraction: the freedom of a bunch of unfamiliar Asians at the end of the world. Ironically, in this may have lain a major source of our failure. I learned from my work as an Army Information and Education NCO in World War II that my charges were not really interested in political theory: They just wanted to "beat the Japs and go home." In the Forties, Fifties, and Sixties, I was naïve enough to think that we as a society had broken out of the chrysalis of selfishness, but Vietnam seemed to prove me wrong.

I am sorry: not for cherishing and laboring under this illusion, but for being wrong. Yet as an optimist who looks to the future with uncertainty, I still cherish the hope that this autism was temporary, and, ideologically battle-scarred as I am, if it came to that, I would do it again and this time do it *right.* □



AP/Wide World

American GIs in door-to-door fighting. ARVN units have been broken down, dispersed by the U.S. command

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IT'S SPRING! CUCKOO!

In Italy, there is the so-called *Rivolta Blu* (or "liberal" revolution). Among French intellectuals (avant-garde to all the world), *libéralisme* generates far more excitement today than socialism.

In Britain, as Margaret Thatcher pointed out in a biting partisan speech in London in late March—"It wouldn't be spring, would it, without an occasional cuckoo"—there are still two old-fashioned bastions against dynamic capitalism: the cloister and the common room. An editorialist in the London *Times* added that the Church of England has always been socialist with the very smallest *s*, less for socialist reasons than from the ancient habits of feudalism.

The ethos of the landed gentry has long been moralistic. In the pre-capitalist view, wealth is not created but seized. Propriety and the public weal demand respect for established orders. Aristocratic, refined indolence is praised. Feudal appeals to "the common good" contain a very large dose of *noblesse oblige*. One's "betters" establish what is good for all. One's duty is: Obey.

Thus, when a highly controversial British cleric writes in favor of a bias to the poor and says that he longs for a Christian order in which human beings do not seek the common good by pursuing personal interests, but rather find personal satisfaction in seeking the common good, what he means is clear enough. The "common good" is clearly enough known, at least to this cleric, that his priorities ought to prevail. Others should seek happiness in obedience.

Both feudalism and socialism are, in this respect, *dirigiste*. The aristocrat and the socialist alike abhor trade, grubby producers, sweaty inventors, uppity technicians. A dynamic free society troubles them. Their idea of a humane order is the imposition upon all of their own superior culture.

Thus, the conventional distinction between conservatism and the Left is old hat. The one truly debatable reality in the world today is capitalism: the system of invention, creativity, entrepreneurship, and dynamic economic change. It is opposed by some Tories and by the Left alike.

In mid-March, the Committee for the Free World (London and New York) sponsored a most impressive conference, "Beyond 1984," which chose as its topic the conflict between totalitarianism and democracy. Yet democracy, precious as it is, is hardly the debatable point. Even the Soviets boast of "socialist democratic republics," and Colonel Qaddafi of Libya calls his little tyranny a Popular Democratic Republic (although it is neither popular, nor democratic, nor a republic). The symbolism of democracy is not contended.

No, socialism requires the abolition of private property—the sweeping away of capitalism, pure and simple. What the USSR opposes frontally is not democracy but capitalism. The deeper antagonism is in the *economic* order.

Here reality is on the side of capitalism. As the Mainland Chinese have come to see, capitalist methods are the only methods designed truly to raise up the poor. Wealth does not "trickle down," it wells up from the small farms, the small businesses, and the small trades. China is surrendering the wish to remain socialist and poor to the USSR.

But capitalist methods are hardly desirable only because they produce material wealth from the bottom up. That is attractive, but capitalist methods further *empower* people at the bottom to become economic activists, responsible for their own destiny; to make their own decisions and cooperate freely in economic acts with other consenting adults. A new vitality seizes the human spirit. Cooperative acts flourish. The good of one becomes the good of others.

In cloister and common room, alas, such bottom-up activism causes spiritual elites to feel their own directing powers ebb away. Vulgar persons rise to eminence around them, sometimes, in their skyscrapers, towering above college tower and cathedral steeple.

The polite attack today, therefore, is on the *spirituality* of capitalism. Capitalism, it is said, breeds "consumerism," the "mad pursuit of money," and "greed." Is this so? As Max Weber wrote in 1904, the notion that capitalism favors greed is a "kindergarten" notion. What the capitalist spirit instructs people to do is to invest their gains in the future—to place them at risk, in a burst of creativity. The dominant desire of the capitalist spirit is to create goods and services never seen before, and to do so earlier and more cheaply than would otherwise have been the case.

Most Americans known personally to me do not spend their lives "consuming." True, they are glad to buy goods and services that make their lives easier and more pleasant. Yet they mostly do so for the sake of widening their range of activities, of increasing the reach of their talents, and of bending material things to humane purposes. Even within a family each child, it seems, explores a different range of activities. Individual freedom flourishes, and with it a taste for cooperation with others in activism of every imaginable sort.

The denizens of cloister and common room, moreover, use capitalist liberties concerning goods and services as much as anyone. Witness their airplane flights, their expense accounts, their freely chosen activism. Most of my socialist friends, even while denouncing multinational corporations, evince a most remarkable taste for foreign cars (and word processors and television cameras). It is sad that they resent what they enjoy. □

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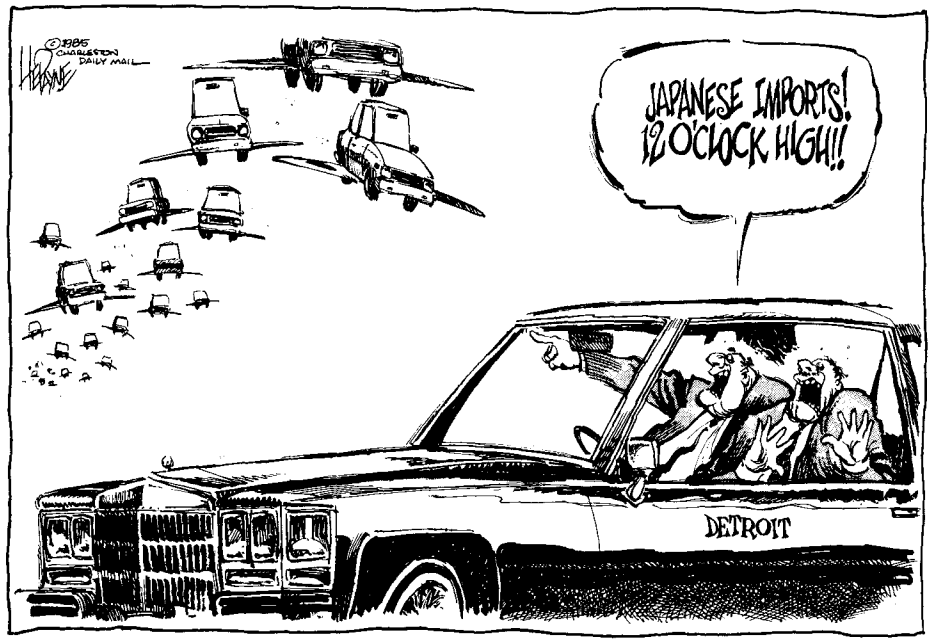
help !!!!



IT'S FROM GEORGE SHULTZ.... HE WANTS US TO BE HIS SPECIAL ADVISORS ON LEBANON!...
1985 THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER NEWS AMERICA SYNDICATE
GORRELL

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The Perils of the Deep

Since ABC's been swallowed by
A fish that's somewhat smaller,
At CBS, they cast an eye
On every passing trawler.
Ted Turner's using garden worms,
Which must annoy Dan Rather,
While Jesse's fishing has the firm's
Directors in a lather.

W. H. VON DREELE

"Ask yourselves this, ladies and gentlemen of the jury: Would they have had to carry screwdrivers if they hadn't been too poor to buy handguns?"

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ABROAD

BUDAPEST *Red Seal*

The Kremlin has set its seal of approval on the Hungarian experiment with a liberalized, Western-style economy—"a new world," in the words of a high Soviet official. Grigory Romanov, who headed Moscow's delegation to the 13th Congress of the Hungarian Communist Party, told a nervous audience here that "Hungary, in close unity with the Soviet Union, has built a new world. Everything that has been realized demonstrates the correctness of the road which we have chosen." Romanov went on to assert that priority was now being given to the "modernization of economic mechanisms," emphasizing the role of cooperation within Comecon, the economic structure embracing Iron Curtain states that was set up to counterbalance the Common Market. He added a favorable word about the development of commercial relations with the West on the condition that they not become an instrument of political pressure.

ROME *Long Enough*

Ugo Vetere has been Communist mayor of Rome for ten years, and the Vatican, together with many Romans, thinks that is long enough. Hence Pope John Paul II is supporting his own candidate, Alberto Michelini, a television journalist, member of the religious fraternity Opus Dei, and currently a Christian Democratic deputy to the European Parliament in Strasbourg. Michelini is a personal friend of the Pope, having accompanied him for Italian Radio-Television (RAI) on all his foreign trips. He is moreover a popular announcer for the Italian version of the *Today* show. Meanwhile a public debate has broken out between the Communists and the Vicar of Rome, Cardinal Ugo Poletti, in preparation for the election at the beginning of May. The cardinal alleges that Vetere has encouraged young Romans to contract civil marriages only; has eliminated qualified Catholics from the municipal family-counseling services; and is responsible for general mismanagement of the Eternal City. This is the first public fight between Catholic and Communist political leaders since 1948, and sources close to the Vatican say that the Pope, a vigorous foe of Communism, is determined to "take back" the city into Christian hands.

PARIS *Aux Armes*

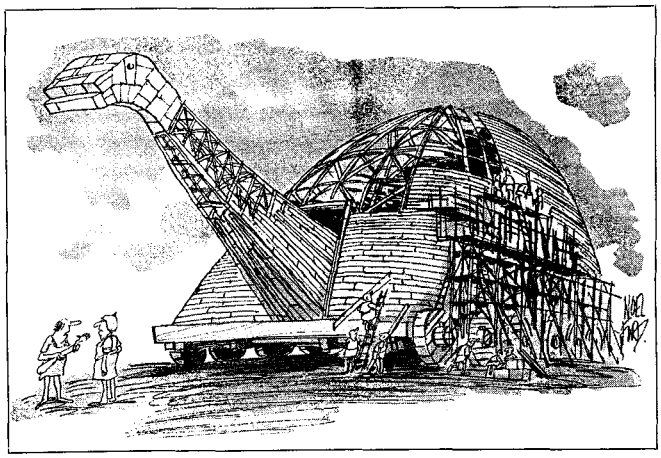
France is the world's third biggest exporter of arms after the United States and the Soviet Union. The French armaments industry accounts for 4 per cent of the country's total exports and provides almost 350,000 jobs. Over the years, the market has changed and competition has grown stiff. The Third World now accounts for the majority of orders, but payments are less regular, and often in kind. For example, Iraq recently paid for some of its French fighter aircraft with shipments of oil. Other arms sellers get in the way too. In dealing with India, France is the only Western country to compete seriously with the Soviet Union. In 1982, Indira Gandhi ordered forty Mirage 2000s and decided to build another 75 of them under license. But the Soviets, anxious to retain their primacy in the military partnership with India, managed to have the license arrangements canceled and replaced by a project to build MiG-29s. Another development that affects the arms business is the rising costs of advanced weapons and consequently the increasingly widespread tendency to "retrofit," that is, to modernize weapons already bought rather than replace them with newer models. So new guns and up-to-date electronic equipment are being fitted or added to aircraft, ships, and tanks. The French have begun to modernize Egyptian tanks and planes originally supplied by the Soviet Union. In China they are doing the same thing with submarines. But in this field also there is keen competition. The Israelis are winning the lion's share of the contracts let by Latin American and African governments for modernization of French Mirage 3s and 5s. French arms entrepreneurs are also looking to Algeria as a big client of the future and are even doing a small but brisk business with the Pentagon, for example in anti-runway penetration bombs. Another French firm is negotiating with Washington in hopes of selling a system of integrated automatic communication.

WINDSOR *Safer Journey*

A new terrorist-proof armored train for the use of the Royal Family has been ordered by the British rail authority and will cost £7.5 million ($9 million). Its ten coaches will be built to withstand rockets, bombs, and machine-gun fire; two of them will hold generators and other electrical equipment for times when the train is left at night on a siding without a locomotive, and a third will be packed full of security devices. A railway spokesman said the present royal train is obsolete because its coaches cannot be pulled at speeds greater than seventy miles per hour, whereas high-speed engines now operating on intra-city routes travel at 125 mph.

MANCHESTER *Spotted Dick*

The average British family eats 140 pounds of frozen food a year, and sales of such food have risen 75 per cent in the last five years, according to a consumer report. Desserts are high on the frozen-favorites list; traditional "puddings" such as jam roll and spotted Dick are especially popular, the report continues, because today's housewives have largely forgotten how to make them.



Ford, *Punch* / Rothco

"Change of plan, I'm afraid. The bastards know about the wooden tortoise."

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A STREAK OF GREY

Thomas Doherty

Who Spoke Up?: American Protest against the War in Vietnam, 1963-1975, by Nancy Zaroulis and Gerald Sullivan (Doubleday, 460 pp., $18.95)

TELEVISION DOCUMENTARIES, exploitation films, autobiographies, photo books, histories linear and oral—after a decade of relative oblivion, the Vietnam War is back on the national agenda. A rhetorical conflict now, the war is refought in words and images with history the prize. On this front at least the military seems to have gained ground, capturing with *Magnum P.I.* and *Missing in Action* the hearts and minds of a citizenry it could not persuade through force of arms. Lest the field be left to the old soldiers, the wife-husband team of Nancy Zaroulis and Gerald Sullivan (she a writer of historical novels, he a former teacher of classical languages) has countered with *Who Spoke Up?: American Protest against the War in Vietnam*, a most thorough, if highly partisan, account of the antiwar movement's ultimately successful rear-guard action.

The interrogative title comes from an I. F. Stone remark comparing homefront complacency about the war in Vietnam to the silence of the Germans during the Holocaust. One's receptivity to that metaphor will determine one's reaction to this book. To be sure, *Who Spoke Up?* gives a comprehensive answer to its accusatory question: On one level, it is a fairly straightforward, year-by-year chronicle of the so-called "war at home," its genesis, principal personalities, signal events, and animating ideologies. But it is also a polemical work that seeks to locate the antiwar movement within a—indeed, *the*—patriotic American tradition and to claim for the protestors a moral authority greater than the nation-state's. For Zaroulis and Sullivan, the Movement "was American-born and -bred . . . led for the most part by people who believed profoundly in their American heritage and who relied upon their Constitution, their Bill of Rights, and the tradition of their American Revolution." Moreover, because the "system" failed to serve that heritage ("Presidents lied; Congress, ostrichlike, buried its head; federal and state courts allowed themselves to be prostituted in the government's service"), it was the antiwar forces that "saved the nation's honor." This salvation, Zaroulis and Sullivan announce at the outset of their book, "should be remembered for what it was."

How endearing or alienating the authors' advocate stance is will depend for most readers on conclusions reached years ago; there is little here that will convert anyone over thirty. As a play-by-play recitation of big-league Movement tempers and tactics, however, *Who Spoke Up?* has much to recommend it: dozens of frank interviews, a sure (if selective) command of contemporary material, and a sharp eye for the crucial detail in a compiex web of events. The authors are best at clearing a path through the bewildering overgrowth of political-action groups whose acronyms proliferated faster than hallucinogenic chemical compounds. Without their guidance, only a Weatherman would know how to distinguish the philosophical differences among, say, ERAP-SDS, M2M, YAWF, RYM-1, and RYM-2. (In case this hasn't already appeared in the Baby Boomer edition of Trivial Pursuit, the answers are: the Economic Research Action Program, which was the "ghetto outreach" program of the early Students for a Democratic Society; the May 2nd Movement, a collegiate offshoot of the Progressive Labor Movement; the pro-Communist group Youth against War and Fascism; and two versions of the Revolutionary Youth Movement, the insurrectionist remnants of the by then defunct SDS.)

As Zouralis and Sullivan point out, the rich assortment of Old Left, New Left, and Left Field organizations made for quite a popular front, but it also beset the Movement with the kind of internecine squabbling over minutiae that ideologues, concerned more with being politically correct than with being politically effective, revel in. That coalitions like the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam (the now-legendary "Mobe") and the Moratorium Day Committee were able to orchestrate mass demonstrations of unprecedented scale is a comment less on their logistical savvy than on the unifying power of their great rallying cry: No more war.

More important than the intra-Movement tiffs over the wording of leaflets and placards was the dispute between the leadership of old-line disarmament groups and the new generation of campus radicals over the Fifties-vintage policy of excluding Communists from protest actions. Early on, the antiwar coalitions adopted a policy of non-exclusion, a strategy that in casting a wider ideological net imbued the Movement with the discipline and fervor of

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST APRIL TITLES: In *No More Vietnams* (Arbor House, $14.95; Presidential Edition, leather-bound and personally inscribed, 200 copies, $250; Deluxe Edition, slipcased and autographed, 1,100 copies, $50), Richard Nixon defends his presidential policies in regard to the Vietnam War, while insisting that the burden of his slogan is not that we should not try again to rescue a small country threatened by Communist domination, but rather that, next time around, we should not fail to do so. (Reviewed in this issue by Jeffrey Hart, p. 52, and in "The Right Books," p. 58.) . . . *The Blood of Abraham: Insights into the Middle East* (Houghton Mifflin, $15.95), by former President Jimmy Carter, argues that lasting peace in this particular portion of the world depends upon Israel's willingness to recognize the right of the Palestinians to self-determination, and the Arab countries' willingness to recognize Israel's right to existence.

The Years of MacArthur, Volume III: 1945-1964—Triumph and Disaster (Houghton Mifflin, $29.95), by D. Clayton James, is the final volume of James's distinguished biography, covering the general's tenure as Supreme Allied Commander in Japan, his landing at Inchon, and the confrontation with President Truman, which proved to be the end of his military career.

In *The Schools We Deserve: Reflections on the Educational Crises of Our Time* (Basic, $19.95), Diane Ravitch has brought together a collection of interesting essays written during the past ten years on the history of public education in America, as well as on its current defects and difficulties. . . . *The Great School Debate: Which Way for American Education?* (Simon & Schuster, $17.95; paper, $9.95), edited by Beatrice and Ronald Gross, provides a forum for participants in the debate beginning in 1983, when the National Commission on Excellence in Education released its much-publicized report entitled "A Nation at Risk."

☐ COMING IN JUNE: *Bernard Shaw: Collected Letters, 1911-1925* (Viking, $45), edited by Dan H. Laurence and consisting of almost six hundred letters, of which two-thirds have never before been published, is an interesting and provocative epistolary event. —CW

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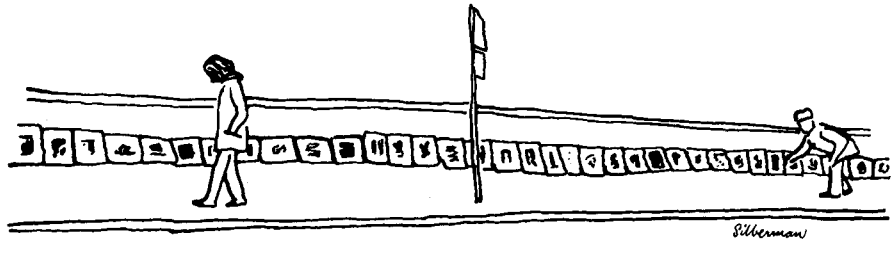
a goodly number of dedicated party-liners, especially from the Maoist Progressive Labor Movement and the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party. Not surprisingly, the policy of open admissions often allowed the most radical, sometimes avowedly anti-American, elements to take control of the Movement's actions and, more importantly, its public image. In a disingenuous reference to "little adolescent gestures of rebellion like carrying the Vietcong flag," the authors are too carefully non-judgmental about the political downside of non-exclusion.

Zouralis and Sullivan allow as how the frisky shenanigans of "plate-glass revolutionaries" like the Weathermen or wackos like the Yippies lowered the Movement's stock with the middle class, but their insistent refrain is that "the actions of a few score insanely angry youths besmirched the historical truth of years of peaceful effort by concerned, responsible, and patriotic citizens, youths and adults alike." In character portraits that are by turns frankly admiring and gushingly worshipful, the authors hammer the point home. David Dellinger ("a friendly, gregarious man, eminently approachable . . . described as a 'cheery elf,' but the term fails to convey either his intelligence or his determination"), Norma Becker ("hard-nosed, fair-minded, and direct in manner," a Movement workhorse "despite her full-time teaching job in the New York City system and two young teenagers at home"), and Sidney Peck ("with dark hair and cool, observant eyes and a deceptively quiet manner . . . as he speaks the listener discerns, beneath his calm, almost gentle exterior, an iron determination") are merely laudable human beings; Movement patriarch A. J. Muste ("a tall, thin man, whose threadbare suits usually needed pressing and mending; his enormous influence came not from worldly display but from his 'inner light' "), Dorothy Day ("a saintly and legendary figure"), and Daniel Berrigan (who "has a poet's ability to pluck from the particular, the universal") seem bound for beatification.

Ethereal leaders and street-level followers alike, the speakers-up represented the real, the true, the vital America (Nixon's silent majority is "less real than putative"). Of course, in order to claim that "the voice of the people was heard only in the streets," the authors have to be selective about which voices and people to heed. Supporters of the war are generally dismissed as evil or stupid, unwitting tools of Hades. And, always, the antiwar activists who baited the hardhats with red flags and VC blood drives—and whose mediagenic desecrations loom so large in the popular memory—are unfortunate aberrations: "Those who turned their back on America and spewed out a hatred born of massive ignorance and frustration" were "no longer of the antiwar movement even as they were no longer of America." Well, that solves that.

In accord with the German analogy, Zouralis and Sullivan note that those who spoke up possessed a rare moral courage and often experienced "considerable personal discomfort and cost." They are particularly keen to document the sorry government campaign against the Movement: the *agents provocateurs*, illegal surveillance, petty harassments, and Department of Justice prosecutions. Still, strolling down to the quad to chant a few rhymes about LBJ was perhaps not *quite* as potentially costly as hiding a Jew in the attic during the Nazi occupation. Some did pay a price, however: Recalling her feelings of outrage at "the inhumanity, the callousness—the arrogance, the inhuman arrogance" of Nixon's 1972 Christmas bombing, Norma Becker remarks, "That's when I got this grey streak in my hair."

Characteristically, the authors pay little attention to the hidden agenda of much antiwar activity: It was fun. As Tom Wolfe has observed, where else but in Sixties America could a moral crusade with serious political purpose double as an entertaining hoot, a scene that had to be made? Relentlessly high-minded, Zouralis and Sullivan prefer to ignore the sex & drugs & rock 'n' roll background of the era's street-



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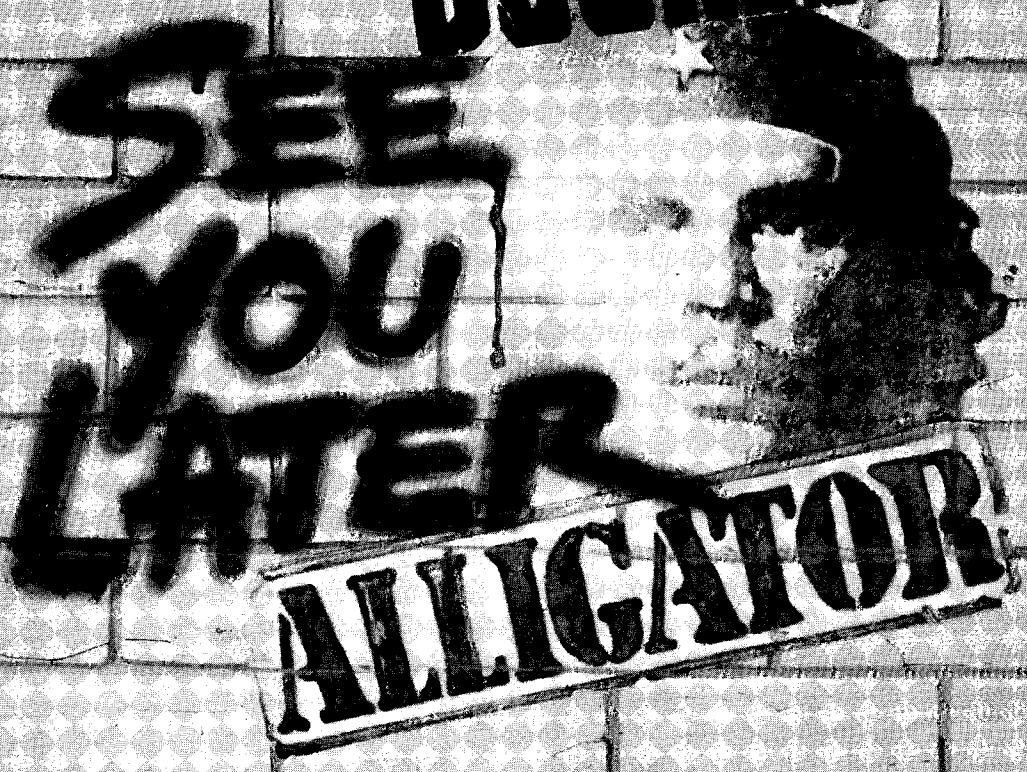

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fighting minions; their interest is revolt, not style.

Written in a spirit more of righteous celebration than of rigorous criticism, *Who Spoke Up?* is, for all its usefulness as historical reclamation, woefully deficient in historical perspective. Neither the Cambodian genocide nor the home-front treatment of returning veterans intrudes on a paean to protest that has fewer considered re-evaluations of Sixties activism than the screenplay for *The Big Chill*. In the end, Zouralis and Sullivan have remembered the antiwar movement not so much for "what it was" as for what they wanted it to be. □

YEARS OF THE FISH

Jeffrey Hart

No More Vietnams, by Richard Nixon (Arbor House, 270 pp., $14.95)

In Love and War: The Story of a Family's Ordeal and Sacrifice during the Vietnam Years, by Jim and Sybil Stockdale (Harper & Row, 472 pp., $18.95)

THESE TWO very different books will come to have classic status in the literature of the Vietnam War. They will be read and discussed wherever the war is seriously discussed, and they both represent considerable literary as well as historical achievements. Perhaps their authors were moved to stylistic excellence by the tragic character of their subject, an American encounter with the Great Fish, in which the Fish won. The concentration camps were not emptied, as in 1945, but filled. There was no surrender document signed in Tokyo Bay, but an ambiguous and leaky "peace treaty" signed in Paris. Then the roof fell in.

Mr. Nixon's *No More Vietnams* is extraordinarily concise, providing, along with its strongly argued central thesis —about which more in a moment— a history and an assessment of our Vietnam policy beginning with the Truman Administration in the immediate post-World War II period. Mr. Nixon's perspective here is presidential, his grasp of the history firm, and his judgments persuasive.

His central thesis may be stated briefly. By January 1973, when we signed the Paris Peace Accords, so-called, we had won the war in Vietnam. The Vietnamization program had been successful. ARVN, replacing withdrawing U.S. forces, had fought with great effectiveness in the two Cambodian incursions and against the massive conventional offensive launched by the North in March 1972. When the resilient ARVN forced the invaders into set-piece battles, our B-52s came in and turned the NVA to marmalade.

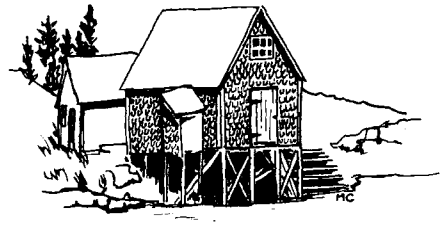
Thus Nixon believes that a balance of power had been achieved in Southeast Asia. ARVN plus U.S. airpower guaranteed the survival of South Vietnam as an independent entity. Success.

But then: "We won the war in Vietnam, but we lost the peace. All that we had achieved in 12 years of fighting was thrown away in a spasm of congressional irresponsibility." Congress cut off funds for further military action in Vietnam, passed the War Powers Act—Nixon is correct that it is probably unconstitutional, and Reagan ought to challenge it before the Supreme Court—and cut severely our military funding of the South Vietnamese. We starved them for fuel, ammunition, and matériel. In the opinion of this reviewer, Nixon is perfectly accurate in his moral judgment here. The performance of Congress at this critical juncture was beneath contempt.

But what about Nixon's thesis that by January 1973 the war was "won"?

It is one of the great virtues of this book that it is so lucid and honest, introducing and facing the facts. On Nixon's own analysis, South Vietnam could not be held militarily as long as Cambodia remained a staging area for invasion. But by the time the war in the South had supposedly been "won," the forces of Hanoi had so beefed up the Khmer Rouge guerrillas in Cambodia that the pro-West regime of Lon Nol was reeling. Therefore, on Nixon's own showing, the South could not be held.

I believe that there is a tragic moment in this book, a peripeteia in the classical sense. On assuming office, Nixon considers his options. Quit and go home. Use the "knockout punch," not necessarily nuclear. Try to establish the "balance of power."



Nixon went for the last. The "knockout punch" would have killed up to a million people. Bombing the dikes: 500,000. Dresdenizing Hanoi: 500,000. The price tag for the failed policy was much greater, perhaps by a factor of four to six. Nixon refused to adopt the humane solution.

VICE ADMIRAL James Stockdale, then Commander Stockdale, USN, recalls the effect of the B-52s as he entered his last months as a prisoner in Hanoi. Remember, these B-52 strikes were not "carpet bombing" as in Europe, but "surgical strikes" carried out at low levels, which left our bombers vulnerable to SAM anti-aircraft rockets. It would have been a very different story from thirty thousand feet. Nevertheless, Stockdale recalls an end-of-the-world mood in Hanoi as the big bombs rained down. "One look at any Vietnamese officer's face . . . told the whole story . . . the shock was there; our enemy's will was broken. I was going to be home right away." But it was not the "knockout punch."

In 1965, Stockdale commanded a carrier-based air squadron. He was shot down over North Vietnam and imprisoned for eight years. The husband-and-wife narrative is presented in an unusual literary form, alternate chapters describing the life of each during the eight-year ordeal, and it is enormously moving, and beyond that informative. Stockdale, like the other POWs, was tortured, degraded, the treatment degenerating into mere abuse. Sybil Stockdale's chapters deal with her own reactions and her relentless campaign to get Washington to do something about the plight of our prisoners at the Hanoi Hilton and other Communist spas. There are times when one is moved to reflect that the North Vietnamese were fortunate not to be engaged in hand-to-hand combat with Sybil Stockdale.

There is so much of enduring interest in this remarkable book that a review of this length can touch upon only a small corner of it. Much has been made of the fact that while the August 2 Tonkin Gulf attack on our destroyers did indeed occur, the August 4 attack, upon which the de facto declaration of war, the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, was based, did not occur. Commander Stockdale was in the air at

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the time of the supposed attack, and saw no attackers. Big deal. We were in fact at war.

But this reviewer put down *In Love and War* with the reflection that he will never forget the cruelty, arrogance, and searing treason of some American leftists during Stockdale's imprisonment and periodic torture. American sympathizers with the Communist cause would cross-check POW messages designed to alert their American recipients to the real situation. When one naval pilot, Nels Tanner, was tortured to reveal the names of his fellow combat pilots, he named "Clark Kent" and "Ben Casey." When his phony confession appeared in print, Stockdale reports, "American leftists wrote the North Vietnamese government exposing Nels." Nels, of course, was promptly tortured excruciatingly.

The Stockdales do not name names, and they should. These people belong on the list with Dr. Mengele. □

PUT OUT FEWER FLAGS

John P. McCarthy

The Pentagon and the Art of War, by Edward N. Luttwak (Simon & Schuster, 333 pp., $17.95)

IN THE MIDST of the general euphoria that accompanied the successful action in Grenada by American forces, there remained a suspicion that the invasion should have been pulled off more easily. Similarly, during the political debate that developed out of the disastrous bombing of the Marine headquarters in Beirut, even those who defended the appropriateness of the exercise of American military power in the Middle East could not help wondering what had gone wrong. Dismay at the bungled attempt to rescue the hostages in Iran also ought to have prompted speculation that something was amiss in our military forces.

Congressional debates about the defense budget unfortunately, according to Edward N. Luttwak, a Senior Fellow in Strategic Studies at Georgetown, never revolve around the fundamental question of the ability of the armed forces to achieve the objectives on which there is general bipartisan support. Instead the debates center on a few sensational weapons, the total size of the budget, and occasional extraordinary costs for routine hardware. Few perceive that either granting automatic increases or refusing requested appropriations is essentially a skirting of the real issue.

Nor does the answer lie in the easy conservative argument that the military has been hampered by the same civilian control that blocked the effective waging of the Vietnam War. While Luttwak sees some validity in such a criticism, he does not believe that this ailment—which long preceded Vietnam, although it was greatly intensified in that war—is the key.

The problem began with the post-World War II re-organization of the armed forces. The foremost error was the emphasis on unified command: that is, the inclusion, from the Joint Chiefs of Staff to the specific overseas areas, of all branches of the service in arriving at decisions on organization, mobilization, and strategy. Accordingly, military policy became based more on a consensus of special interests than on strategic considerations.

The error was compounded by the surplus of officers in relation to the number of enlisted men (at present about one officer for every seven enlisted men, whereas in 1945 it was one to ten). The reason for this second error was the desire immediately after World War II to have an officer corps that could receive, in the event of a general mobilization, a force suddenly expanded to World War II levels. In fact, mobilization during emergencies since, whether it was the Korean War, the Berlin crisis, or the Vietnam War, never came near that of the World War. Nor has the character of modern strategy, whether the massive-retaliation concept of the Eisenhower-Dulles era or the flexible-response notion of the Kennedy years, envisioned the massive mobilization for which we had enough officers.

The two errors bore bitter fruit in Vietnam. Firepower directed at the enemy was more than would have been needed to win a continental war, and yet the enemy won. The reason was that the firepower was expended more to make sure that the varieties of weaponry and tactics of the various branches and specialized units were utilized than to overcome the enemy. In addition, an inordinate portion of the military effort in Vietnam was de-

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voted to support services ranging from the construction of airports through the stocking of PXs to the maintaining of officers' clubs. In a sense the United States won the war of economically modernizing Vietnam as we came close to tarmacking and defoliating the entire country, while losing the armed struggle. The Vietnam War still awaits its Evelyn Waugh.

The phenomenon was intimately connected with the inflated number of officers, for something had to be done with the surplus in the absence of enough combat fighters to command. Invariably, staff bureaucracies multiplied, and these bureaucracies then had to develop projects justifying their existence. Even more ominous in terms of the competence of our fighting forces was the effect of this system on military leadership. Bureaucratization and managerial preoccupations meant that the criterion of career advancement came to have little to do with military competence. Officers were given very short combat command tours to bolster their vitas in the quest for promotion. But such short assignments prevented the development of those unquantifiable abilities, that tactical ingenuity, essential for effective military leadership.

Alas, the present commanders of our military are the products of this system. Luttwak yields to no one in his regard for the bravery and intelligence of many individual officers and soldiers. However, he insists that they, as part of the system, are in no position to correct it. That can only be the result of political action. The specific reform he envisions is the establishment of a National Defense Staff of officers, freed from branch loyalties, which would supplant individual service headquarters and civilian officials. It would become a source of clear-cut direction for the military establishment and of advice for the Secretary of Defense.

At that point our armed forces might be able to free themselves from that combination of gigantism and overcomplexity in weaponry and organization that has left them unable to contend with relatively primitively armed adversaries. □

FATHER OF ALIENISM

Joseph Sobran

Marxism: Philosophy and Economics, by Thomas Sowell (Quartet Books, 281 pp., $15.95)

HOW IMPORTANT is Marxian theory? It's doubtful that Mikhail Gorbachev is much concerned with the idea that the value of a thing is a function of the labor that goes into making it. He is less concerned with the means of production than with those of destruction. Yet he is *ex officio* the world's leading Marxist.

For generations, "democratic" Marxists have insisted that the Soviet Union has "betrayed" Marxism. But by now it should be obvious that the Soviet Union is a major historical development, and if Marxism is a true account of history it owes us an explanation of why it failed to foresee such a phenomenon, the more so since the Soviet system arose in the name of Marx.

All Marx's descendants are bastards, each claiming legitimacy against all the rest. Even if the Soviets have betrayed Marx, the reduction of Marx's "true" disciples to historical irrelevance constitutes in itself a sort of refutation of the master, who claimed to limn the shape of things to come and seems to have omitted only the devastating real consequences of his own ideas, notably the sinister ruling-class interests they would serve. Marx himself taught us how to scorn those pedantic utopians who still insist that the actual Marxism we see around us has nothing to do with Marx.

Under the circumstances, Thomas Sowell's *Marxism* is a gallant effort to set us straight about Marx. He defends Marx even against Marx's defenders, as well as his detractors. Most of the book scrupulously refrains from attack.

Sowell points out that Marx: was no crude determinist, as the term is usually understood; didn't see capitalism as simply evil; didn't necessarily expect, let alone advocate, imminent revolution; didn't think capitalism would be ended by financial crisis and collapse; didn't oppose democracy or even imperialism as such. Marx was actually trying to describe general conditions of production and to explain how one form of production inevitably, over the long haul, generates the forces that finally alter or abolish it. Such historical processes, to his mind, had little to do with mobs in the streets.

"Process" is the key word. Marx, following Hegel, saw the world in terms of *processes* rather than *things*. It was a world without essences or fixed natures, in which, as Chesterton said with reference to Darwin, there is no such thing as a thing. Nor did Marx dismiss ideas as epiphenomena: He saw them as "interpenetrating" with events in a "dialectical" relation. If thought was limited by material conditions, material conditions were also affected by thought.

Sowell fair-mindedly makes it clear that Marx had little in common with the many vicious simpletons who have acted in his name. But he makes it just as clear that Marx is chiefly important because his ideas lent themselves to the purposes of such people. Even if Marx didn't advocate totalitarianism, there is nothing in his thought to restrain it, and a good deal to authorize it. It makes little difference whether he would personally have favored it: He himself had, after all, little use for such speculation about subjective motives. The historical interest of Hitler's father is that he begot Hitler, no matter what sort of dreams he may have had for the boy. The ultimate significance of Marx is that he begot Lenin. Not that he could have known this; but, again, he thought he knew so much, when in fact he misunderstood even his own role in the gigantic system he sought to explicate. Marx's main defect was that he failed to foresee Marxism. Some prophet.

Most of his other predictions were wrong too. In saving him from the charge of idiocy Sowell in no way suggests that he was basically correct or that his theories have produced anything but misery and tyranny. Sowell rejects the notion, to give the irony another turn, that Marx is a sort of victim of Marxism, as some Marxists would have it.

Marxism has turned out to be the modern world's greatest legitimating device for a certain status quo, espe-

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cially if we accept the widespread notion that the status quo is "change." The world is in turmoil, and Marxism has given color to all those who would aggravate and exploit this condition—has served as a convenient vehicle for a million hatreds, discontents, ambitions, appetites, envies, rebellions, apostasies. It has found its votaries even in the nunnery. It beckons with the offer of power; it intoxicates with the experience of a religious conversion; it accommodates the cynic and the dreamer alike; it holds out an integrated vision of the world, complete with a role for the believer, a role that releases him from moral constraint and invites him to indulge his worst impulses. Most fatally, it has a special power of disarming its intended victims, catering to the taste for suicide as well as homicide.

At some level beneath the intellectual superstructure of "scientific socialism," Marx surely grasped this and was probably driven by the same fundamental motives that continue to drive his disciples, including the putative "betrayers." I have recently tried to sum up this bundle of motives in the term "alienism," by which I mean a deep antagonism toward what ordinary consciousness regards as the normal system of things; I bother to label it because it seems to me an attitude so general and so highly organized (however informally) as to deserve recognition in a local habitation and a name.

As his life and personality made clear, Marx was a congenital hater and blamer of others, as ready to attack his benefactors and even his own mother as to denounce capitalism (forgetting, in his wrath, that he had accepted capitalism as a necessary historical development). He was tyrannical by temperament; he had no humility whatever, and his arrogance and cruelty tested his friendship even with the patient Engels, who nearly worshipped him. He speaks to that side of human nature that resembles him, as anyone who has read Marxist literature should understand.

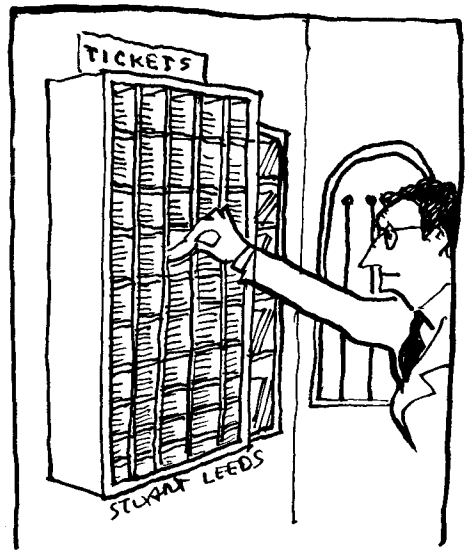
Anyone can have a child who goes bad. It is Marx's distinction not only to have begotten almost nothing but bad children, but to have been chosen as a father by so many of the wicked and ruthless, from Lenin to Pol Pot. This is no accident, comrades. Sowell acknowledges as much. His lucid analysis of Marx's formal thought is accompanied by some reflections on the evil uses it has been put to. But he might have said a lot more about the psychic attraction of Marxism for many who evidently aren't very interested in the fine points. Maybe that is the subject of another book—possibly Kenneth Minogue's *Alien Powers: The Pure Theory of Ideology*, which is lying here waiting for me to review it. □

FILM

GOLIATH'S REVENGE

John Simon

THIS IS no age for Biblical films. It is only partly a matter of the secularization and skepticism of the audience; more to the point, Biblical films were, in the De Mille days, excuses for lush historical spectacles, violence, and orgiastic sex. The historical spectacle, however, has moved over into the future, our Punic wars having become star wars; the violence has moved into the present—our streets, homes, countryside bursting with it. Sex no longer needs the pretext of pharaohs and Roman emperors to be endemic and frenetic: Skirts and trousers are shed as readily as togas and peploses. And the Good Book has largely gone the way of other good books in the age of television. At the screening of *King David* I attended, the invitational audience (mostly media people and Paramount personnel) sniggered longest and laughed loudest at lines that stemmed literally, or least dilutedly, from the Old Testament.



The director of *King David*—and this assignment was imposed on him—is the Australian Bruce Beresford, one of the most valuable directors of our time. Though earlier films heralded his talent, *Breaker Morant* and *Tender Mercies* confirmed and extended it, for Beresford is one of the rare directors who keep developing, diversifying, and growing; at this very moment he is directing his first opera, *The Girl of the Golden West*, for the Spoleto Festival in Charleston. With *King David* he has done, more or less, what Pasolini did for the New Testament film and David Lean for the action spectacular, desert variety: elevated a previously commercial genre into something like art. If *King David* finally does not make it, it is because it has run into more front-office interference than art can survive.

While scouting locations in North Africa with a team from Paramount, Beresford was asked by the honcho what all those funny verses were doing in the screenplay. Told by the director that they were from the Psalms of David, the Bigwig said they would have to go—they weren't any good. Back in Los Angeles, Beresford was questioned by the Bigger Boys about all that warmongering in the script. He informed them that David was indeed a warrior king. Well, that would have to go; what with all the fighting between Israel and her neighbors, such an image of Jewish leaders was bad PR. Finally, the Great Man in Paramount's New York office inquired about the relationship between David and Jonathan: Could there be homoerotic overtones? "Thou didst love me, my Jonathan . . . Thy love was wonderful, passing the love of women," Beresford quoted the Bible. "We'll have none of that," he was roundly told. What was left? Not David the poet, not David the warrior, not David the ambiguous lover. Only the C. B. De Mille David.

Moreover, when the Moroccans discovered that the film to be made on their soil was to glorify a Jewish king, that was the end of that; the movie was shot, with much greater topographical difficulties (brilliantly overcome by Ken Adam's production design), in Italy. The original script was by the extremely talented Andrew Birkin, whose *J. M. Barrie and the Lost Boys* is one of the finest biographies I've read; it

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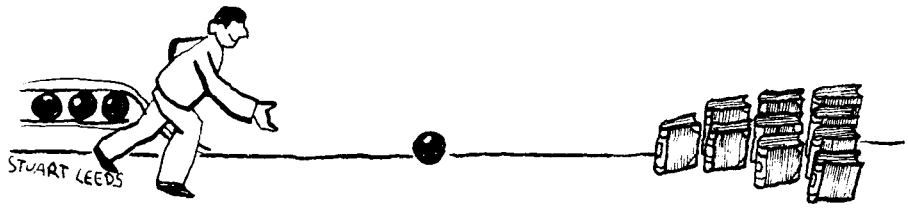
had to be rewritten several times, each time a little less incisively and honestly. Furthermore, a co-scriptwriter was added: James Costigan, one of the stars of television's Golden Age, which was about as real as the mythical Age of Gold. Costigan is remembered for *Little Moon of Alban*, a sentimental TV melodrama about the Irish Troubles, and *Baby Want a Kiss*, a 1964 Broadway flop starring Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and Costigan himself, which I termed in *The Hudson Review* "too sleazy to dwell on." The screen credits now read: "Screenplay by Andrew Birkin and James Costigan. Story by James Costigan." With great effort, Beresford edited the film down to three hours, which would have been fine for the exploits of Luke Skywalker and Han Solo; the Lion of Judah had to be draconianly reduced to under two.

What remains on screen suffers noticeably from two plagues (granted, five fewer than were visited on Egypt). One is the often overelliptic continuity that makes the final part of the film, where decades of David's career are compressed into a couple of voiceover sentences, downright ludicrous. The other is a sense of—I have to use the French word—*tiraillement*. The English "tugging" is not graphic enough, and "drawing and quartering" a bit too strong. In any case, I could just hear the voices of over-the-shoulder censors demurring: "This will not go over in Israel." "This won't sit well with American Jews." "This will be unacceptable to the entire Near East!" That so much reality, so much excitement, so much art survives in *King David* is a bit of a miracle—or a good bit of Bruce Beresford, who manages to grow with this film, too.

Unlike other Biblical films, this one actually allows you to feel people living their idiosyncratic, unanachronistic, individual lives. When David, hounded by Saul, seeks refuge with the ruler of the Philistines, the encounter takes place in the temple of Dagon, then under construction. As David comes through the great door, the statue of the weird leonine deity to the left of it is already finished, but stonemasons are still carving away at its counterpart on the right. This is everyday work in progress, not the photogenic toiling of Jewish slaves on the Pyramids under the cracking of bestial overseers' whips; it is, in short, one



of many touches that establish the past not as a finished thing held up for retrospective contemplation and oversimplification, but as an ongoing process, an evolving present.

Technically, the film abounds in modest marvels. Thus the battle scenes contain extraordinary details of brutality not for brutality's sake, but for that of pacifism: They are unpicturesque rather than picturesque horrors. Again, a scene such as David's wedding night with Michal—Saul's daughter, whom he married for political reasons—which is loveless on both sides but not unsexual, is managed with thought-provoking psychological suggestiveness and finesse. David's glimpsing of Bathsheba at her bath, however, is a scene full of potent but restrained eroticism. Absalom's slitting of his half-brother's throat during a banquet as vengeance for the rape of his sister is staged and shot with a remarkable sense of how violence impinges on the quotidian. The fight between Goliath and the young David (played more believably by Ian Sears than is the mature David by Richard Gere) may be the most persuasively fresh, demythologized representation of an overfamiliar incident in cinematized history: It has such a grimy spontaneity as to actually keep us in suspense about the outcome.

Perhaps most interesting about the film is its facing up to Jehovah's vengefulness and bloodiness. There is brisk trading of eyes for eyes and teeth for teeth here, but not one other cheek in sight. There are also eloquent faces and racy performances throughout, although, for the reasons discussed above, there is no clear point of view on David. Still, such difficult episodes as Absalom's death are made intelligently credible, even if the dance before the Ark does not come off. It is too alien to modern sensibilities, but the problem has something to do also with Richard Gere, who cannot manage the harder emotional scenes. He looks good, sounds very American, and tries hard to follow instructions, albeit with not much inspiration, divine or artistic.

There are, however, performances enough to admire, notably Edward Woodward's seething Saul and Denis Quilley's straightforward Samuel. Donald McAlpine's cinematography is, as usual, understatedly arresting; note, for instance, what director and cameraman achieve in the aftermath of David's slaying of Goliath. There is a stunning sequence going from a medium shot of Jewish soldiers moving to attack and, as they disperse, revealing, in extreme long shot, the Philistine army in total disarray. Carl Davis's uninsistently evocative score further enhances a *King David* that can be dismissed as a film but must not be missed as filmmaking.

WOODY ALLEN's latest, *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, could be called a minor effort if every Allen film weren't that. I mean that an idea or situation or problem is dealt with too casually and superficially, despite all the cleverness, to come alive. "Come alive" is the *mot juste* here, for Cecilia, a waitress in a New Jersey hash house and married to an unemployed bully (the time is 1935), finds solace only in movies such as the quasi-British, would-be-sophisticated Hollywood comedy about a gallant pith-helmeted explorer who is brought back alive to a Manhattan of white telephones, ermine furs, and little white lies, and entitled *The Purple Rose of Cairo*. As the enraptured Cecilia watches the film for the fifth time, her fellow spectators in the shabby movie house and the characters on screen are equally dismayed to see the explorer step out of the movie, gather up Cecilia, and make off with her. She and he are equally smitten with each other; when, later, the actor who portrayed the explorer pops up to persuade his alter ego to rejoin the movie-within-the-movie, the actor, too, falls in love with Cecilia.

As others have pointed out, the best things about *Purple Rose* derive either from Buster Keaton's *Shylock Jr.* or from Fellini's *The White Sheik*, both incomparably superior to Allen's confection. Neither the illusion-versus-reality theme nor the pathetic star-worshipper *topos* is treated with new insight

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or special sensitivity; as in *Zelig*, the chief attention goes to fanatically authentic period detail and technical hocus-pocus, especially in the shifts from the parodistic inner film in black-and-white to the outer film in 1935-ish color, a sentimental parable about movie-house daydreaming as the only palliative for life's assorted ills. I say a purple rose is a purple rose is a purple rose, whether as film or as film-within-film, and, either way, it's spinach and to hell with it. As Cecilia, Mia Farrow gives a touching, sweet but not saccharine performance, the like of which, however, has been seen before. □

SOUND ON DISC

BRINGING IT BACK ALIVE

Ralph de Toledano

"MUSIC, WHEN soft voices die, / Vibrates in the memory," Shelley wrote. But memory is fallible, lodging in a mortal brain. The shorthand of music abides in the score, but it is always performance that we hark back to. We can shake our greying locks and recall the time, decades ago, when Rudolf Serkin made a shimmering ball of the *Appassionata* and tossed it at us in New York's Town Hall. Or when in some Jacobean dump Billie Holiday reached out for the good and the true and grabbed it. But much eludes us. We may think we remember a particular Isaac Stern passage, but can we compare him to, say, Paganini when we were not there to hear him? We can read about Frescobaldi's jam sessions at St. Peter's, but had we been present would we have been as impressed as his contemporaries?

The inventiveness of man has conspired to give focus to our nostalgia. With the advent of the phonograph, the voices could vibrate again, though in its early stages imperfectly. Today, light-beam reproduction can reach into the old shellacs or the Edison cylinders and extract from them what was lost by the crank-up Victrola. But even this magic will not let us hear Titta Ruffo in duet with Caruso as their voices catapulted to the rafters of the

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old Met. And even when this scientific magic can do the unbuttoning, how much of what they sang still exists in the grooves of the old recordings?

Some of it remains. But what recording company is ready to recapture those rich and pensive recordings by Moriz Rosenthal of Chopin's nocturnes and preludes? Or Tiana Lemnitz engulfing in her artistry the "Willow Song" and the "Ave Maria" of Verdi's *Otello*? Will they bring back the young Ruggiero Ricci's vibrant exposition of Bach's unaccompanied violin sonatas, the piano sonatas that Artur Schnabel recorded with his son, Karl Ulrich? Or in another genre, Gershwin playing his *Rhapsody in Blue* with the Paul Whiteman orchestra?

But let there be no moaning at the bar. The competent and loving hands of Discocorp, Inc. (P.O. Box 771, Berkeley, Calif. 94701) are reprocessing at least some of the historic performances that once engaged the music world, in a kind of musical resurrection. These reissues permit us to turn back the clock, to pretend that we have been sitting in a now-faded concert hall, rising to our feet as the last notes reverberate.

Through Discocorp's grace, I have been listening to Wilhelm Backhaus

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THE VIETNAM WAR has been finished for ten years now, a year less than Richard Nixon supposedly has been, yet a decade later both continue to haunt us: a double haunting, in this case, one ghost beckoning still again from an unlikely mansion in sun-blind California to raise the specter of the past, which, like time in a Faulkner novel, is inescapable—existent only within the dimensions of the threatful reiterant present.

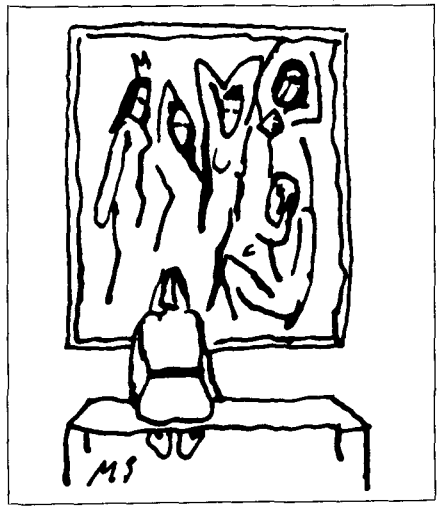
No More Vietnams (Arbor House, $14.95) is a very good book, in my opinion Richard Nixon's best, saving only the remarkable *Memoirs*. Though frankly intended as a brief in defense of the five Administrations (and one in particular) that sustained an American presence in Southeast Asia, as a history of a quarter-century of bitter warfare it develops and sustains sufficient consistency to extend its reach far beyond the bounds of mere apologia. At once a concise recapitulation of, and a pointed meditation upon, a protracted episode that is likely to prove to have been pivotal in the second half of the twentieth century, it is going to have to be digested—one way or another—by anybody wishing to consider responsibly the flood of print released by the observance of this tenth anniversary of the fall of Saigon. "No event," Mr. Nixon writes, "in American history is more misunderstood than the Vietnam War. It was misreported then, and it is misremembered now. Rarely have so many people been so wrong about so much. Never have the consequences of their misunderstanding been so tragic." And never have the "lessons" of history been more wrongly misconceived, or more disastrously applied.

For ten years opponents of the Vietnam War—and every war—have been hugging to their breasts what Mr. Nixon calls the "four articles of faith," which serve more or less as the abbreviated present-day equivalent of the "lessons" learned and formulated by another great American moralist in the Fourteen Points:

1. The war in Vietnam was immoral.
2. The war in Vietnam was unwinnable.
3. Diplomacy without force is the best answer to Communist "wars of national liberation."
4. We were on the wrong side of history in Vietnam.

These articles, so far from representing objective (or for that matter subjective) truths, are in fact myths, and hence not only bad history but the basis of disastrous policy, as Mr. Nixon proves quite effortlessly in a crisp 237 pages of text.

In comprehensive style, Nixon gives us the history of the Vietnam War, which began "when World War II ended" and finished when the United States as it emerged from World War II ended, in 1975. Deftly, he merges history with commentary, and at times



polemicism, as he traces the uncertain trajectory of the war, to which the ambivalence of successive U.S. Governments imparted a decided wobble.

So far from having conducted hostilities "criminally," the United States was, rather, guilty of technical and political misunderstanding, infirmness of purpose, and lack of nerve. After reading how the Pentagon failed from the start to recognize that it was dealing not with insurgency but with invasion (a failure described in terms suggestive of criticisms of the U.S. military made by Edward N. Luttwak in *The Pentagon and the Art of War*), it comes as something of a surprise to learn that the author believes the suppression of the Tet Offensive in April 1968 almost, in one fell swoop, won the war for us; but Mr. Nixon's assertion that we *did* win the war militarily is further, and perhaps more satisfactorily, proved by his account of the famous (or infamous, if I recall its reception by the inmates of Columbia University) Cambodian "incursion" of 1970, which is both a moving defense of his actions at the time and a relatively understated, but devastatingly effective, answer to his mad-dog critics (most notably William Shawcross, whose name goes unmentioned).

At any rate, Mr. Nixon's claim is an interesting one, and his narration of the U.S. Congress's "snatching defeat from the jaws of victory" following the Paris Peace Accords is coruscating: the perfect object-lesson with which to introduce the concluding chapter ("Third World War"), in which the former President muses upon the risks inevitably run by a major nation-state whose foreign-policy establishment types have proven themselves more adept as students of international affairs than as participants in them. □

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(with Sir Adrian Boult and the BBC Symphony) playing the first piano concerto of Brahms and Beethoven's Sonata in A-Flat (*Les Adieux*). Backhaus is a legend today, though he died only 15 years ago—and he commands a respect not easily accorded to pianists who accommodate their playing to their hair styles. In his time, the Backhaus style was described as "granitic"—a compliment off the elbow if misunderstood. I suspect that to his very last concert Backhaus was working on the problems of technique and doing his Czerny. He was a pianist's pianist, and nowhere in his rock-solid traversals was there the quivering nostril or the dying fall that in his time and ours inhabited the concert stage. The Brahms concerto we will always have with us, but seldom sans aerobics. And the Discocorp recovery of *Les Adieux* is not too often heard today, which is a pity.

In contrast to Backhaus, Arthur Rubinstein was the total "Romantic"—expansive in both his lifestyle and his playing. His recordings, made over many decades, would fill a library. The impulses that flowed from his brain to his fingers were attuned to Chopin, Brahms, the nineteenth century—never to the classical. Let others assay his genius. It is interesting that in the recordings Discocorp has given us, we are not presented with his later bravura interpretations but with his 1932 product. We are here given the Brahms Piano Quartet No. 1, Opus 26 (with members of the Pro Arte Quartet), and the Sonata for Violin and Piano No. 3 with the now-forgotten Paul Kochanski—both historic recordings seldom immortalized on shellac. They belong indispensably in any Brahms collection.

Alfred Cortot enjoyed a tremendous and thoroughly justified vogue. He was all intuition as he plunged into the music he played—with little concern over striking wrong notes but fully engaged in what he considered the essence of the score. Unlike many other pianists', his readings were never "frozen" but changed as his perceptions of the composers' intent were modified. Each recording gave us a new facet. In this Discocorp reissue, we can hear him in his 1926-29 assessment of 24 preludes and four ballades by Chopin. They give us insights not only into Cortot but into Chopin—a composer much oversentimentalized and underestimated. If it is precision you seek, look elsewhere. If it is brilliance and the bite of intuition, this recording is for you.

"Music, when soft voices die, / Vibrates in the memory." If memory is insufficient, we have these three recordings, enhanced by modern techniques, to take us back. Backhaus, Rubinstein, and Cortot—if they still care—will be happy, and so should we. □

TRAVEL

DANKLY IN BORA BORA

Priscilla L. Buckley

GOD KNOWS IT'S a good try. It's 4:00 A.M. at FAAA airport in Papeete, Tahiti. As my brother Bill and I, bone weary from an eight-hour flight from Los Angeles, walk through passport control a gentleman in a Harry Truman shirt, khaki shorts, and a wilted headband of white flowers places a bloom behind the ear of each arriving passenger. A three-piece string band strikes up in melancholy fashion; welcome to Dorothy Lamourland. We are greeted by sprightly Marta from the tourist office, who flings leis around our necks and drives us to the Hotel Tahara'a, perched on a hillside overlooking Matavia Bay. We walk across an open-sided gallery to the elevator. The all-weather carpeting is wet. "It must have rained," I comment.

Next morning I find Bill engaged in conversation with the manager, a genial young Australian, who explains that a depression has formed in the east, or wherever it is the prevailing winds come from, and has remained obdurately in place for ten days. Disappointing news. But Marta is already here to take us on a morning's tour of Tahiti, the largest island of the three clusters that make up French Polynesia, so we hurry off.

Marta takes us first to Point Venus, where in April 1769 Captain James Cook and his astronomers charted the transit of Venus, one of the major goals of this, his first great voyage of discovery. A tall white lighthouse stands on the point and behind it the monument to the Discoverers: Cook; his countryman Samuel Wallis, who arrived in Tahiti the year before; and the French admiral Louis Bougainville (after whom the flower is named), who arrived the year after.

Tahiti is marvelously fertile, the trees seeming pregnant with great bunches of fruit: mangos, bananas, avocados, the breadfruit that Captain Bligh hoped to take back to the Caribbean on the *HMS Bounty*, and everywhere coconut, great plantations of coconut trees. Metal bands ring the trunks of the palms ten or 12 feet above the ground to prevent rats and large land crabs from climbing them.

Tahiti's highest volcanic peak rises more than seven thousand feet above sea level. Heavy waterfalls cascade down its green flanks on this western coastal stretch of the island. Here the fresh water pouring into the sea prevents coral reefs from forming, and consequently the Pacific roars in unbroken, to the delight of surfers, of whom at the moment there are few. You see, it's drizzling. Ten miles or so further on we come upon the Gauguin Museum situated in a lovely tropical garden just about as far from Papeete (pronounced pa-pe-é-té) as you can get. The museum is a delight, laid out in a series of small thatched-roofed buildings with displays that tell much about Gauguin's life and work and travels, but it lacks one thing: a painting by Gauguin. Tahiti can't afford one.

We fly off to Bora Bora that afternoon, where the yacht *Sealestial*, on which Bill sailed the Atlantic several years ago, awaits us. Betsey and Christopher Little, who have been aboard five days and have yet to see the sun, are very happy indeed to see us. It is they who inform us that this is the *r-a-i-n-y* season, something no one had thought to tell us, and we had not thought to ask, before embarking at Christmastide on the seven-thousand-mile flight from New York.

Bora Bora, we are told, is untouched and beautiful—one of the loveliest islands in the world—but we'll have to take the guidebook's word for it: The windshield wiper on the car we rented for our tour of the island works only when turned by hand. We see very little between the gusting sheets of water. But at the yacht club there is a touch of romance: small palm-thatched houseboats for rent. Pick a spot in the lagoon, and your houseboat is towed out and anchored there. Maid and room service are provided by launch.

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Captain Cook called these islands—there are 11 of them in 180 miles of ocean stretching from Bora Bora to Tahiti—the Society Islands, because they are so closely clustered in the vast expanse of the South Pacific; the French call them *les îles sous le vent*. Some are of volcanic origin with soaring peaks and waterfalls, the others are atolls, islands formed from coral reefs. We will sail from Bora Bora on a southeasterly course toward Tahiti, passing by or stopping in Tahaa, Raiatea, Huahine, and Moorea.

We sail through the pass in the reef that surrounds Bora Bora in midafternoon, accompanied by a pair of frisky dolphins that skim and slide along our bow, and in no time at all we are cruising through another pass and into the aqua-emerald lagoon that Tahaa shares with Raiatea. The crystalline waters foam milky white as they hit the reef. Tahaa is your dream of a Polynesian island. We cruise along its shores noting the *panduru*-roofed huts —that's the native word for the palm thatching we have seen everywhere—tiny marinas, a road that runs a few miles along the shore and peters out.

We drop anchor two rain squalls later in deep waters off a string of *motus*, islets that have formed on coral reefs; a *motu* is every cartoonist's idea of a desert island. Chris and Betsey and Martin, the *Sealestial*'s mate, take the Zodiac to do a little snorkeling, and to take pictures. Chris, a well-known photographer, is very conscious of his editor back in frigid New York eagerly awaiting his return with twenty rolls of tantalizing photographs of sunny, sunny Polynesia, its beautiful *vahines* (babes), handsome bronzed fishermen, and waving palms. But Expedition Snorkel returns in short order routed by a combination of no-see-ums (a local biting mite) and see-um-plenty-good mosquitoes. In the distance we watch black clouds forming and breaking over Bora Bora's soaring Mount Paia, but the weather clears by dinnertime, and we sup on deck. Caroline, the wonderfully talented and charming wife of our skipper, Keith, serves us a tasty *maihi maihi*, a local white fish (of the dolphin family), and for dessert the sweetest, moistest pineapple I have ever tasted.

New Year's Eve turns out not to be the best day in the year to visit Huahine and its famous Maeve Lake, with, as the guidebook tells us, "its village on stilts in the waters looking out at Mount Tapu, the sacred mountain." This, and much else on Huahine, we don't see. One car-rental office is closed (no sign to tell when, if ever, it is open), the second has no car. The island's taxi is at the airport. So we take a walk, and it's very pleasant, not one drop of rain. We pick up some French bread for Caroline and suntan oil (some people never say die), wander up a lane along a canal, and pass two yards where barbecue pits are being dug in the sand in preparation for tonight's festivities.

Owing to the merriment at the Balai Hai that night our scheduled 7:00 A.M. departure occurs closer to 10:00. This is the longest leg of our trip, an 85-mile sail from Huahine to Moorea. So it is half past dusk when we sight the ragged cone of the volcano that signals Moorea ahead and nearly 9:00 when we slide into Cook's Bay, probably the most beautiful bay I have ever seen, a completely sheltered half-moon of a harbor rimmed right and left by green-topped volcanic craters, with clusters of *panduru*-thatched huts here and there, and no disfiguring modern touches.

Today is our final day, our final leg, the twenty-mile passage from Moorea to Tahiti. No sweat, one would think. We are motoring along, with the wind on the nose as usual (Remember that tropical depression? Well, it still hasn't moved), the helmsman in his sou'wester prepared for the frequent rain squalls, when Caroline notices a red light on the control panel, never a good sign. The gents are galvanized. Martin and Keith disappear into the engine room. Bill cuts the engine and changes course to get some wind in the sails. And pretty soon we are spinning along at eight, nine, sometimes ten knots. The skies clear. This is the sail we've been waiting for. Keith reports back that the seacock that lets the water in to cool the engine is clogged—probably seaweed. In due course, he and Martin emerge from the engine room, hot but no longer bothered. They have rigged another line to bring in the cooling waters. We could now point back into the wind and motor straight in, but we are enjoying our sail. So we continue to tack for another hour or so and then tack again, and eventually sail into Papeete, where, for the moment, it has rained itself out. Obviously, it is time to go home. □

THE GIMLET EYE

FOOT REFLEXOLOGY

D. Keith Mano

I HAVE—did someone ask?—a dashing, even courtly, pair of feet. They stand out: trimmer than fine hairbrushes are. I'm hurt now that she hasn't congratulated them. But she, Elaine Hyams, is at the foot of this massage table, playing my toes as though each was a small organ stop. Then instep and ankle and ball, subtle bone join and cuboid notch: my feet clack like rosaries. Elaine is petite, blurry-featured, smart, and more self-effacing than a dewclaw. Also thumb-strong. Foot reflexology can cause pain: but with that voluptuous pleasure-burn, the kind you get running hot water over poison-sumac boils. I didn't realize my feet were this extensive. One little piggy went to market and did so damn much. I feel planed down, sculpted—I have feet of wet clay for her. It is a confident, stress-managing treatment. The one more powerful foot experience would be Holy Thursday in Jerusalem.

"Whoop," I say. There is vivid, particular pain beneath the left toe ridge.

"Did that hurt?"

"It had more character, let's say, than the rest of the pain you've been giving me."

"That was the ear area. An old injury, might be."

Spot on again. I recall that both my eardrums have been punctured often and almost to deafness. Now sole pain will diagnose an old ulcer. Elaine is footing the bill for my entire body.

Since 1970 or so, as reporter, I've gone like Gum Out through most consciousness gigs. If it cost $40 per session and hurt a lot—Rolfing, Rebirthing, whatever—I did it. And in this time I've found that the human body is composed of innumerable synecdoches for itself. Or so they tell me. The whole man known by his palm, his iris, his breath. I'm a genial skeptic, yet, where God's creation and that thing made in His peculiar image are concerned, mystery will nerve-block my cynicism. We are—arm and leg and lung—magnetic field, drug dispenser, dynamo, wave producer, weather vane, landscape for strange and terrific energies to walk in. Anyone who has spun

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round the whorl of his own fingerprint should concede that. But, until now, I had let feet hoof it alone. They can be, yes, repulsive and too personal. The battered clubs old people shuffle on. Hangnail and hammertoe. I might be in awe of, say, Solzhenitsyn—yet not quite as much having seen his broken slipper beneath a bed. And now, I learn, feet are little Dorian Gray portraits of the secret, entire physical man.

"I'm a literalist," Elaine said. "The toes are the head and the base of the heel is the base of the torso. It goes vertically. Most charts agree, have agreed for a long time. If the liver is swollen, I'll feel a swelling in the liver position on your foot. If you had a vertebra out of alignment, I'd pick it up immediately. The foot is a photographic duplicate of the body in miniature. It's very accurate and specific."

And ancient. An Egyptian wall painting from 2330 B.C. shows fancy therapeutic footwork. The skill was rediscovered in America by medical people around 1870, 1890. Ancient and common. "Go to Montana, the Ozarks—where they don't know a thing about consciousness—and people are doing reflexology. You don't take your clothes off. You can't do any harm. And the results are of the same caliber as acupuncture." Ancient and common and easy. "It's the simplest form of treatment that works with all the organs and glands." Modest Elaine is only a licensed masseuse. (She teaches at and got her diploma from the Swedish Institute.) And yet she can stub your head.

Walking is natural reflexology: barefoot or moccasin-shod on rough ground, the beach. But in flat New York (Elaine will move to footloose San Diego this week) feet don't constantly conform around objects. They become dull, blocked. "In a natural environment the electromagnetic currents of the earth would stimulate the body's energy to flow. Because of gravity everything flows down and doesn't get catalyzed back up. This includes crystals of calcium and uric acid that fall and get caught in little capillaries. Waste products that block function. One of the things we do is to grind these down so they're washed out of the body.

"The basic theory is that the energy in the body is stimulated by reflexology to break through blocks, emotional or physical. What you do when you stress

a point in the foot is send a powerful kind of energy up—the body's own energy. It'll open the blocks and detoxify the organs. It really starts to balance the body." And what would she do with a one-legged man? "Oh, work on his hands. The same reflexes are there. Only deeper in." Elaine is thoughtful. "Look, I'm not sure totally why it works. Western medicine would say it works through the nervous system. Eastern, through energy fields. In any case, I *love* feet."

To each her own. My feet, one day later, express luscious twinges: the growing pain of a second childhood. They seem prehensile. They chat me up as I walk. The whole consciousness waffle is about that new sort of attention. Eyes for an iridologist. Breath for Rebirthers. It is natural that so much of workaday physical (and mental) functioning will get passed over. If your feet, brought callously to heel year after year, steal some focus back, the arbiter brain will sense surprise. And that surprise—that sudden *consciousness*—can help reintegrate us. I don't report change here: I didn't sleep especially well afterward or have less hectic digestion. Yet I *feel better*: in both senses of that phrase. My feet visit with me as I write and it is pleasant to have their company. Could be I broke through some block of hard uric acid. Maybe I got long-distance heart massage. I don't advocate, I just attend sessions. Meantime, excuse me while I lean down and scratch my ear. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Techno-Bandits, by Linda Melvern, Nick Anning, and David Hebditch (Houghton Mifflin, 313 pp., $15.95)

ALTHOUGH title and dust-jacket conjure up expectations of a celluloid tale involving heroes and villains with the attributes of a combination of James Bond and Mr. Spock, in reality the key players are businessmen operating quietly in a grey area, attempting to circumvent governmental prohibitions on the sale of technological materials to the Iron Curtain countries. These men are not thieves, and it would certainly be stretching the word to call their acts "treasonous." Usually, they simply purchase products available to any U.S. resident and, through some manipulation, cause these products to be delivered, for a profit, to an Eastern-bloc purchaser. In many instances, there is no perceptible military significance to the product. Yet, it is true that transactions such as these provided the Soviet air-traffic-control system with an advanced device that played a critical role in the Russian invasion of Afghanistan in December 1979. Although American policy seems clear in this area—particularly under the Reagan Administration, which has stated its determination to halt what it considers a "hemorrhage" of technology—enforcement has historically been ineffectual and inconsistent. The agencies charged with such enforcement are understaffed and are often caught up in bureaucratic infighting. The authors, who are clearly knowledgeable in these matters, bring up a multitude of related problems for the reader's consideration: among them the difficulty of persuading our Western allies to cooperate with us; our concern for the economic consequences to U.S. firms of restrictive sales policies; and the overriding issue of how you can limit the exchange of knowledge and still remain an open society. The writing in *Techno-Bandits* is sometimes disjointed and academic; yet, as an introduction to a difficult policy problem, this text succeeds.

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SEVER DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS?

NEW YORK, APRIL 8

Q: We do, do we not, have diplomatic relations with the government of Nicaragua?

A: Yes.

Q: That being the case, how can we, under international law, give aid and comfort to armed militants whose stated intention is to overthrow the government we are recognizing?

A: Our official rationale, in giving aid to the *Contras*, has been to help the government of El Salvador. That government has been assaulted by rebels who are supplied by Nicaragua, indeed whose headquarters for a long time were in Managua.

Q: What business is it of the United States, party #1, to help El Salvador, party #2, resist an act of aggression by Nicaragua, party #3?

A: It has always been recognized in the community of nations that any nation can lawfully aid any other nation to defend itself against aggression. That was the exclusive rationale of our intervention in South Korea. We had no treaty obligations respecting South Korea, we simply intervened—under the umbrella of the United Nations, as it happened—to help in a war against aggression.

Q: But doesn't intervention of that sort normally lead to a declaration of war against the aggressor power?

A: No, as a matter of fact. Professor Eugene Rostow from time to time reminds us of the *Caroline* incident.

Q: Well, would you remind *us* of the *Caroline* incident?

A: In 1837, a bunch of aggressive Yankees in upstate New York decided to send a few soldiers and supplies to Canadians involved in an insurrection against Canada, i.e., Great Britain. Great Britain retaliated most ingeniously. It didn't suspend diplomatic relations, let alone declare war. But it did seize an American vessel called the *Caroline*, which had been used to transport the American aggressors. Having seized the vessel, the British simply let it loose a little ways upriver from Niagara Falls. You can imagine what happened to the good ship *Caroline*.

Q: You mean, with people aboard it went down the Falls?

A: I mean with people aboard, it went down the Falls.

Q: But suppose that El Salvador did not even exist, and therefore we had no way to depend on Nicaraguan aggression against El Salvador to motivate our aid to the *Contras*. What would we then do?

A: Secretary Shultz, in his speech a fortnight ago in San Francisco, edged the government over in the direction of the argument that our aid to the *Contras* is in and of itself a proper response to the militarization and totalitarianization of Nicaragua. You remember: He said that if the Soviet Union asserts the right under the Brezhnev Doctrine to intervene in any country to prevent democracy from taking root, so do we have the right to intervene to help democracy.

Q: Would it then make sense to sever diplomatic relations with Nicaragua?

A: Clearly this would be a sensible psychological move. There is a paradox in simultaneously recognizing a government and giving aid to those who seek to destroy it. It breeds a lot of schizophrenia in Congress, for instance.

Q: Does the President have absolute authority in this field?

A: Absolute authority is exactly the way to put it. No one contests that the Chief Executive has the right a) to recognize a government, and b) to sever relations with a government. Tomorrow morning, President Reagan could sever relations with Nicaragua. He would have sufficient cause to do so: namely, Nicaragua is disturbing the peace in the area. And as we have discussed, even if Nicaragua were not aggressing against its neighbors, the President could sever relations, giving as a reason for doing so the tyrannical nature of its government and the claim by the *Contras* to a right to participate in a government they fought to create.

Q: Surely you aren't advocating that the President sever relations with all tyrannical governments?

A: No. But Nicaragua is a state in which totalitarian control is not fully consolidated. It is fighting a war against its own people in order to stay in power. We can think of it as less than a de facto—let alone de jure—government. If we are helping the *Contras* it must be because we still hope that they might prevail against the tyrants. That being the case, we should stand by to recognize the new government.

Q: Why, then, doesn't President Reagan sever diplomatic relations?

A: The tyranny of the status quo. That, plus an anxiety to persuade other Latin American governments to go along with us, as they did when we severed relations with Castro's Cuba. But de-recognition should definitely be put on our agenda.

Q: You are very persuasive on the subject.

A: Thank you. I shall see that you are not aboard the *Caroline* next time out. □

REAGAN AS KNUTE ROCKNE

NEW YORK, APRIL 1

I DO THINK it a pity that so many critics of Mr. Reagan decline to investigate that which truly animates this extraordinary President and the constituency that, after all, made him President of the United States, notwithstanding that our intelligentsia had told us, and taught our children, that conservatism—as it is called—was quite dead in America. Killed by the New Deal, and decadent by reason of its lack of intellectual and spiritual BTUs. Well, campfire meetings are worth looking into—I contend—if they are addressed by the man who is also President of the United States, and such a thing happened two weeks ago in Washington when Mr. Reagan addressed the 12th Conservative Political Action Conference.

Ronald Reagan said to the throng there assembled the kind of thing one yawns over if spoken by, oh, Jerry Falwell at Lynchburg, or Arthur Schlesinger Jr. at the Harvard Law School Forum. But here was Reagan saying: "In 1980, for the first time in 28 years, a Republican Senate is elected. And so, may I say, is a conservative President." What! Richard Nixon was not really "a conservative President"? Well, that is what he said, is it not? Such an evaluation of Mr. Nixon coming from hardline critics of statism is not newsworthy. Coming from a Republican President it is at least that. One does not disavow Richard Nixon's Administration as less than conservative without saying a great deal

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about the policies with which Nixon is identified.

Reagan then went on to use rhetoric in one sense Marxist. Marxist in the sense that the Marxists have co-opted the language of inevitability: The class struggle "inevitably" means the end of capitalism, individualism, the Bill of Rights. Reagan said, "Conservative thought is no longer over here [exclusively] on the right. It's the mainstream now. And the tide of history is moving irresistibly in our direction." You can't understand what that does to you if, throughout your adult life, you have been taught to believe that the anemia of political liberalism is the irreversible wave of the future.

More! Much more! "In fact, in the past decade, all of a sudden, quietly, mysteriously . . . the Republican Party has become the party of ideas. We became the party of the most brilliant and dynamic young minds." This—given what came before in two generations of textbooks, fifty years of Democratic domination of politics, what seems like a millennium of entrenched Eastern Seaboard liberal domination of academic thought—is something that hits you as the conversion of Constantine to Christianity must have hit the pagans. The notion that young conservatives were coming up with the ideas was, well—inconceivable. A very few very bright liberals gave the idea surreptitious attention. Professor John Kenneth Galbraith once whispered that in fact the most innovative social mind of the age was that of Milton Friedman. But his purpose was mischievous: He intended to compliment Friedman for coming out for the negative income tax. What Friedman did, however, was to help to release a series of planted economic and social axioms from their ideological placenta. And the result was that literate Americans began: questioning the morality of the progressive income tax, wondering whether the minimum wage made any social sense, doubting the notion that the more time spent in school automatically meant the greater advance toward social intelligence, questioning whether the welfare state helped, rather than hurt, those it was designed to help. This kind of iconoclasm, pre-Reagan, was the kind of thing conservatives merely whispered to one another.

Reagan was not leaving any of those placid ideological stones unturned. American blacks? "Part of being a revolutionary is knowing that you don't have to acquiesce to the tired old ideas of the past. One such idea is that the opposition party has black America and minority America locked up; that they 'own' black America. Well, let me tell you—they own nothing but the past."

And so he asked this concentration of literate conservatives to help him to spread the message. What message? That the welfare state doesn't necessarily work. That high taxes net damage the economy. That mutual assured destruction is no substitute for a gradual turn toward strategic defense. But what he radiates is the kind of idealistic self-assurance that gave what seemed like everlasting life to the movement of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and it is time everyone recognized that this is what Ronald Reagan is up to. □

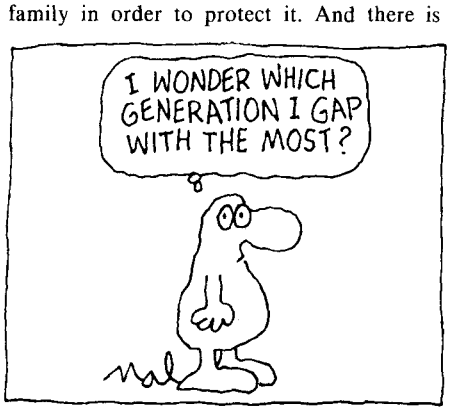
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JSB

NEW YORK, MARCH 21

THREE HUNDRED years ago today (March 21) Johann Sebastian Bach was born. It is as though God had decided to clear His throat to remind the world of His existence. That existence had been greatly dishonored by the terrible Thirty Years' War, which had ended only a generation before Bach's birth, a war whose reverberations we still experience, even as the Ayatollah continues to dishonor the Muslim creed he misunderstands himself to incarnate.

Bach has the impact of a testimonial to God's providence not because he wrote the most searingly beautiful church music ever heard (about *The Passion According to St. Matthew* one can say only that it does credit to the Gospel according to St. Matthew), but because he wrote the most beautiful music ever written. If one were to throw away the three hundred cantatas, the hundred-odd chorale preludes, the three oratorios, the Passions, and the Mass, which would be the equivalent of destroying half of Shakespeare, still the other half would sustain Bach as a creature whose afflatus is inexplicable in the absence of a belief in God. If it is true, as the poet says, that one can't look out upon a sunset without sensing divinity, then it is also true that one can't close the door on that sunset and, entering the darkened chapel, listen to the organist play one of Bach's toccatas and fugues without sensing divinity.

It is not necessary to believe in God in order to revel in Bach. It is not necessary, for that matter, to love one's country in order to fight for it, nor even to love one's family in order to protect it. And there is no need to make heavy weather over the point, though there is a need for such human modesty as Einstein expressed when he said that the universe was not explicable except by the acknowledgment of an unknown mover. The music of Bach disturbs human complacency because one can't readily understand finiteness in its presence. Carl Sagan, who sometimes sounds like the village atheist, reports that the biologist Lewis Thomas of the Sloan-Kettering Institute answered, when asked what message he thought we should send to other civilizations in space in that rocket we fired up there a few years ago with earthly jewels packed in its cone, "I would send the complete works of Johann Sebastian Bach." Then he paused, and said, "But that would be boasting." There are those who believe it is not merely to boast, but to be vainglorious to suggest that the movements of Bach's pen could have been animated by less than divine impulses.



There are sobering lessons to contemplate on Bach's birthday. One of them is that when he lived he was almost entirely unnoticed. True, he was renowned as a virtuoso at the harpsichord and the organ. When he died, one of his biographers notes, there were something like ninety obituaries written, only three of which mentioned him as a composer. This is on the order of remembering Shakespeare as a great actor.

The thought reminds us of what it is that we almost let slip through our fingers. And reminds us, even more darkly, of what it is that we have irreversibly let slip through our fingers. We are reluctant to believe that anyone else ever existed of such artistic eminence as JSB: but we can never know, can we? Nor can we ever understand how it was that so musically minded a culture as that of what we now know as East Germany could have greeted so indifferently a genius so overpowering.

And it reminds us, too, that there are among us men and women who will not drink from this most precious vessel of our cultural patrimony. To some, he does not speak. If we understand that, then we understand, surely, what the problems are in Geneva, where grown men are actually talking to each other as if it were a challenge to formulate arrangements by which the world should desist from the temptation to destroy itself. If a human being exists who is unmoved by the B-minor Mass, it should not surprise that human beings exist who are unmoved by democracy, or freedom, or peace. They have eyes but they do not see, ears but they do not hear. Well, Bach tended to end his manuscripts with the initials "SDG"—*Soli Deo gloria*, To God alone the glory. But God shares that glory, and did so three hundred years ago when Johann Sebastian was born. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Descriptive of an angry wolf? (2 words) — 133 58 25 155 207 74 69 95 194 143

B. One who shuns the crowd — 108 19 47 202 73

C. This gas is not for your sandwich — 12 112 59 1 81 152 118

D. Engrave — 10 100 201 130

E. One named for another — 199 4 127 84 132 11 28 158

F. Rude — 88 196 128 113 175 15 209 193

G. This man "was here" during WW II — 56 205 42 162 31 52

H. Certain Europeans under Russian domination (2 words) — 99 131 203 34 9 151 83 30 125 181 195

I. Definitional shadings — 18 168 188 103 138 208 68

J. Season preceding *Christmas* — 8 43 136 114 37 206

K. One kind of flight — 157 101 119 64 80 6 51

L. Seaside cottage — 129 141 169 17 117 146

M. Usefulness — 40 78 46 176 94 91 163

N. Where some folks shout it from — 7 26 148 39 182 185 62

O. Madison Avenue quarry — 154 166 49 13 27 57 144 115 139 32

P. Rumples — 124 183 60 111 41 76 204

Q. Avoid — 33 29 192 153 3 53

R. Clark's mythical dressing room (2 words) — 107 35 122 145 55 177 89 167 160 150

S. Leo's favorite meal (2 words) — 14 44 173 190 50 36 187

T. Work by Alexander Pope (3 words) — 54 198 90 38 45 70 77 121 85 159

U. Tête-à-têtes — 86 79 126 16 161 92 189 137 165 142 106

V. The Columbian year — 21 24 22 23

W. Nonmilitary lifestyle? — 184 174 5 171 120 197 116 147 67 140 96

X. Tippler's favorite amendment? (2 words) — 149 93 72 20 105 156 170 66

Y. Son of Hagar — 180 123 104 75 102 178 82

Z. *Pandion haliaetus* — 63 186 61 98 109 87

a. Darkroom development — 164 48 179 110 65 134 71 200

b. Demographically, it has started to rise again — 135 97 191 172 2

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 C	2 b	3 Q	■	4 E	5 W	6 K	7 N	8 J	9 H	10 D	■	11 E	12 C	13 O	14 S	15 F	16 U	17 L	18 I
■	19 B	20 X	■	21 V	22 V	23 V	24 V	■	25 A	26 N	27 O	28 E	29 Q	■	30 H	31 G	32 O	33 Q	■
34 H	35 R	36 S	37 J	■	38 T	■	39 N	40 M	41 P	42 G	■	43 J	44 S	45 T	■	46 M	47 B	■	48 a
49 O	50 S	51 K	52 G	■	53 Q	54 T	55 R	56 G	■	57 O	58 A	■	59 C	60 P	61 Z	62 N	63 Z	64 K	65 a
■	66 X	67 W	68 I	■	69 A	70 T	71 a	72 X	73 B	74 A	75 Y	76 P	77 T	78 M	■	79 U	80 K	■	81 C
82 Y	83 H	84 E	85 T	86 U	87 Z	■	88 F	89 R	90 T	91 M	92 U	■	93 X	94 M	95 A	■	96 W	97 b	98 Z
99 H	■	100D	101K	102Y	103I	■	104Y	105X	106U	■	107R	108B	109Z	110a	111P	112C	113F	114J	115O
■	116W	117L	118C	■	119K	120W	121T	122R	123Y	124P	■	125H	126U	■	127E	128F	129L	130D	■
131H	132E	■	133A	134a	135b	■	136J	137U	138I	139O	140W	■	141L	142U	143A	■	144O	145R	■
146L	147W	148N	149X	150R	151H	152C	■	153Q	154O	155A	156X	■	157K	158E	159T	160R	161U	162G	163M
■	164a	165U	■	166O	167R	168I	169L	170X	■	171W	172b	■	173S	174W	175F	176M	■	177R	178Y
179a	180Y	181H	■	182N	183P	■	184W	185N	186Z	187S	■	188I	189U	■	190S	191b	192Q	193F	■
194A	195H	■	196F	197W	198T	■	199E	200a	201D	202B	203H	204P	205G	206J	207A	208I	209F	■	■

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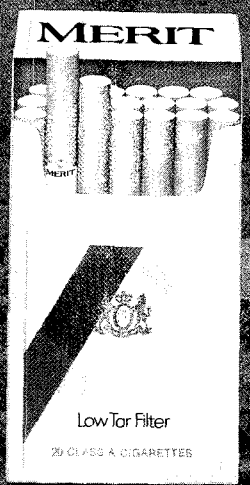

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